

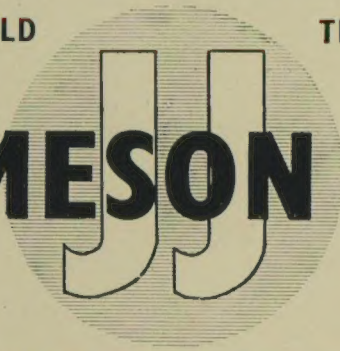
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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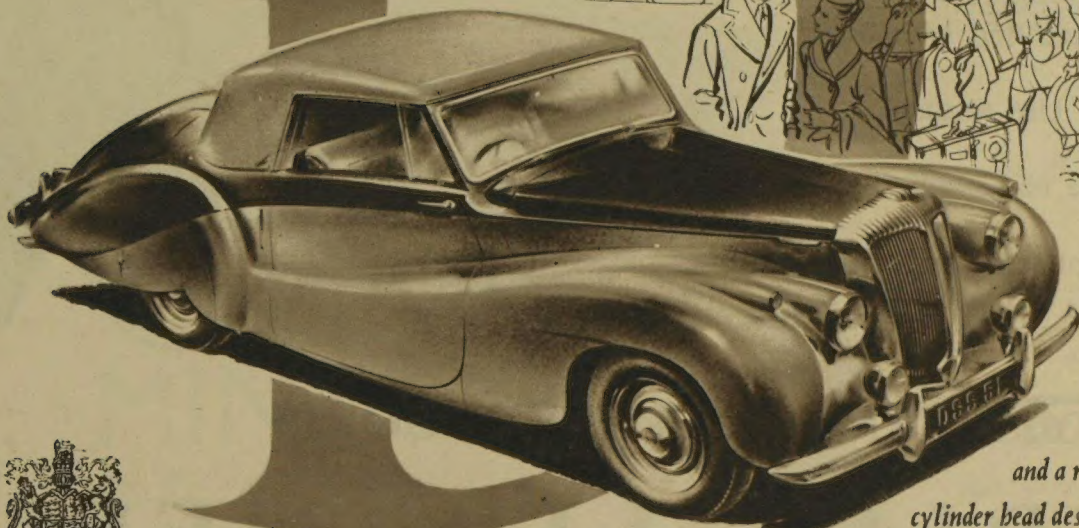




IT is a peculiarity of England that almost every part of the country has produced at least one writer whose fame is world wide. The English Lakes have done more. The hills and vales of this exquisite countryside nurtured a poet of genius, who became the leader of a literary group that had a profound influence upon English poetry and prose. The major figures were Wordsworth himself and his friends, Coleridge, Southey and De Quincey. They must have seemed a strange quartet to the stolid farmers and shepherds of the Lakes who regarded their poetic fancies with some amazement—and kindly tolerance. Today the Lakes hear the accents and tongues of all the peoples of the world come to pay homage to genius, a journey that can be doubly rewarding, for perhaps no other place can boast of such unique associations in such a unique setting.



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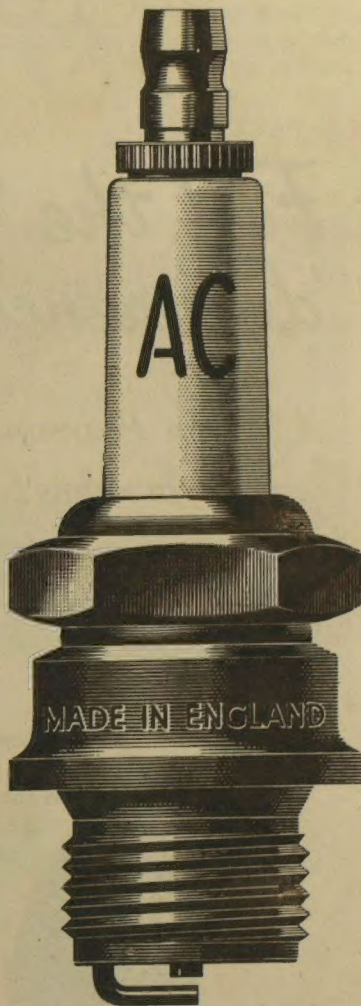
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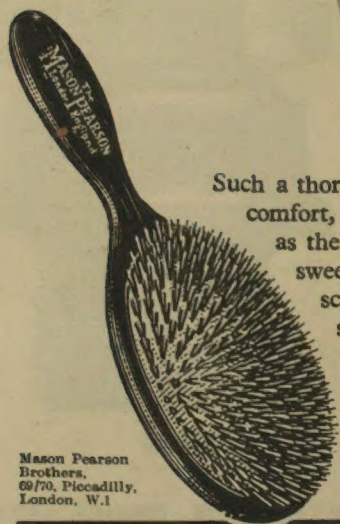


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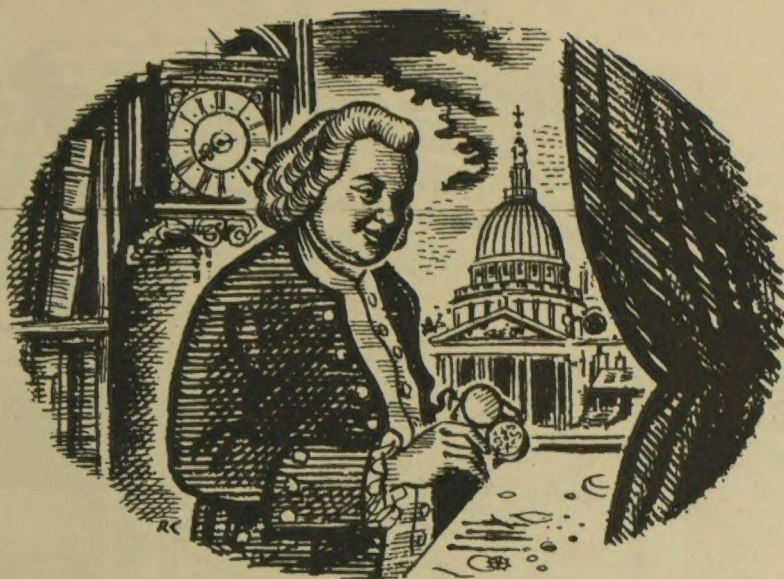
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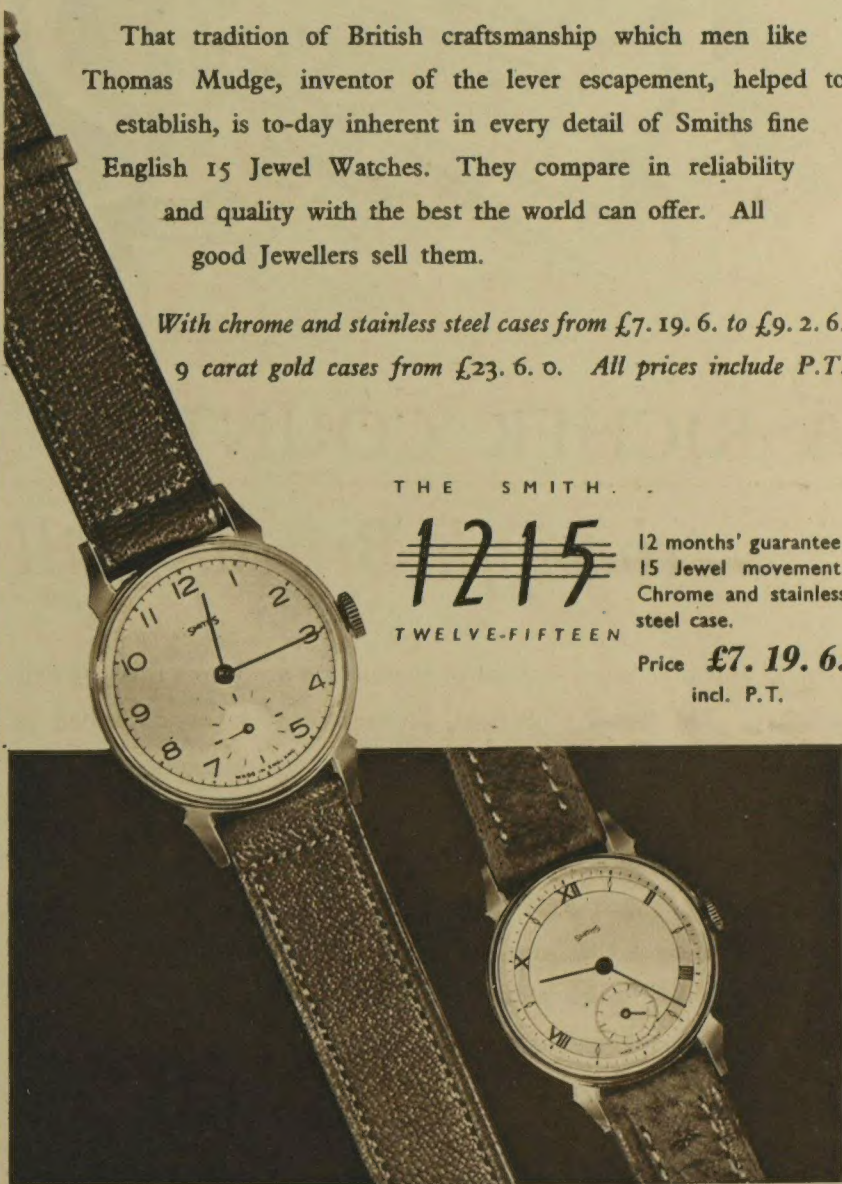
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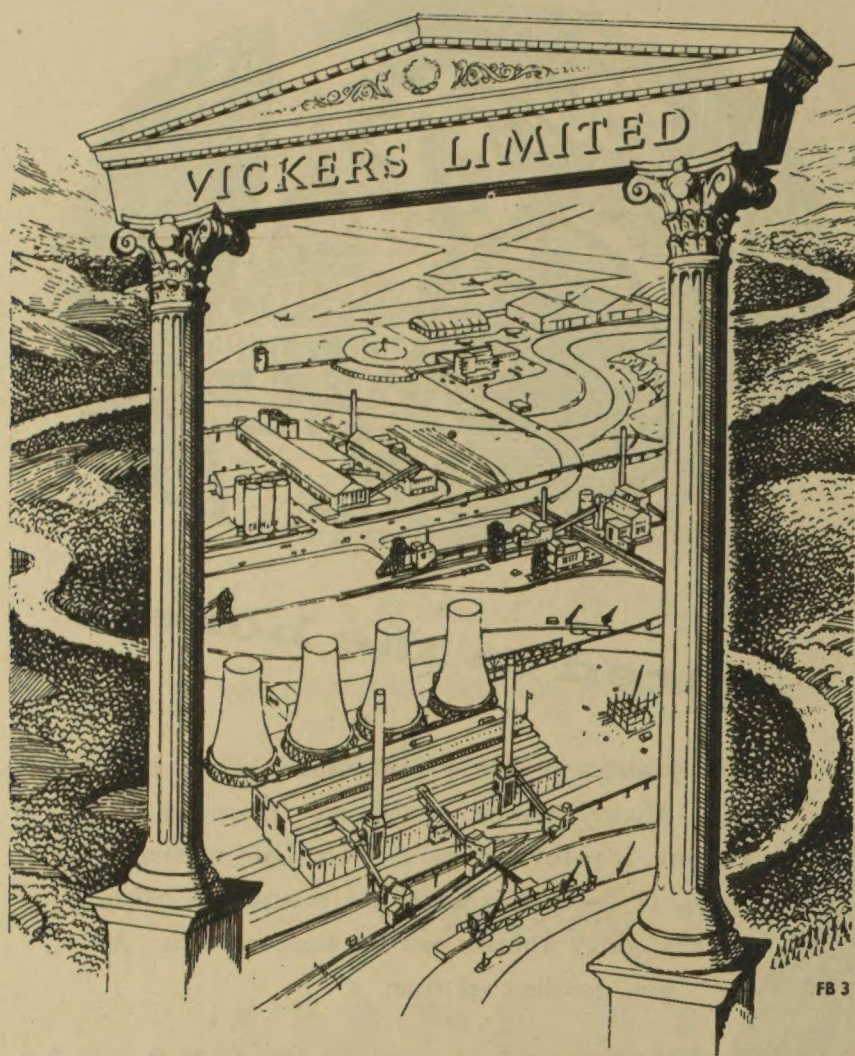


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1951.



"WE ARE HEWN FROM THE SAME ROCK": THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY SPEAKING TO THE DISTINGUISHED ANGLO-AMERICAN CONGREGATION IN ST. PAUL'S DURING THE SERVICE DEDICATING THE ROLL OF HONOUR OF THE U.S. DEAD.

On July 4, the American Independence Day, St. Paul's Cathedral was the scene of a moving and historic occasion. In the presence of the Queen and the two Princesses, General Eisenhower presented to the Cathedral a Roll of Honour of the 28,000 men and women of the U.S. forces who died in the war in military operations from the United Kingdom. After the handing over and dedication—a photograph of which appears overleaf—the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher,

gave an address in which he said that the friendship of the two nations was vital to the true welfare of the world and must endure. Hewn from the same rock, we held the same ideals and principles; and because we held all this in trust from God and for the world, we must for its survival and strength stand together. After this address he went on to dedicate the silver altar-cross and candlesticks, which the King is giving to the Cathedral of Washington.

DEDICATED TO THE
GLORY OF GOD AND
TO BE A PERPETUAL
MEMORIAL; THE ROLL
OF HONOUR OF THE
28,000 MEN AND
WOMEN OF THE
U.S. FORCES WHO
DIED IN MILITARY
OPERATIONS FROM
THE UNITED
KINGDOM DURING
WORLD WAR II.

THE Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and many members of the Royal family, together with many high officers of United States and British forces and eminent personalities of both countries, were present in St. Paul's Cathedral on the morning of July 4—America's Independence Day—for the ceremony in which General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower handed over to the Cathedral the Roll of Honour of the 28,000 men and women of the U.S. Forces who perished in World War II, in operations from these islands. This Roll of Honour, an illuminated manuscript bound in red leather and the joint work of British and American artists and craftsmen, was illustrated in our last issue, and it is to have the place of honour in the American Memorial Chapel (subscribed for by over 2,000,000 British people) which is to be embodied in the reconstructed east end of St. Paul's. It will be recalled that the first Roll of Honour recording the names of the dead of World War II, to be placed in a national shrine was that of the Battle of Britain, which was dedicated and installed in the R.A.F. Chapel in Westminster Abbey on July 10, 1947. British and American forces marched to St. Paul's from Farringdon Street and contingents from both countries lined the steps of the Cathedral. The Queen, the Princesses and other members of the Royal family took their seats in the front row on the right of the central aisle; General Eisenhower, who was accompanied by his military assistant, Colonel Gault, and his son, Captain John Eisenhower, sat on the left of the aisle. Among other prominent persons, who can be distinguished in this picture and our frontispiece, are the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Lewis Douglas, Mr. Eden, Colonel Clifton Brown, the American Ambassador and Lord Jowitt. The Roll of Honour stood on a cushioned table in the midst of the central aisle. A Colour party of three U.S. Servicemen brought in the U.S. flag, which was laid on the altar. And a U.S. flag also covered the Roll of Honour. After this had been removed, General Eisenhower handed the book to the Dean (Dr. W. R. Matthews), presenting it to him for safe keeping and asking him to dedicate it to the glory of God and to be a perpetual memorial to the U.S. dead, in this place. After the dedication, the Archbishop gave an address which stressed the common ideals and duties of the two nations.

THE MOMENT IN THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S WHEN GENERAL EISENHOWER, STANDING BEYOND THE ROLL OF HONOUR, HEARS THE WORDS OF DEDICATION FROM THE DEAN, DR. W. R. MATTHEWS. ON HIS LEFT CAN BE SEEN THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY; AT THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, FAMOUS BRITISH AND U.S. PERSONALITIES.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FORTNIGHT ago, in seeking to show the historic dependence of western society on the ancient Hebrew belief in God as an eternal, all-pervading spirit working through unchanging moral laws, I promised to try to restate, as I saw it, the form in which the Christian ethic that crowned that belief was first presented to the world. For the issue in the world to-day is whether Christianity—the mankind for nearly 2000 years—can the inspiration and driving-force it has been in the past. If not, the triumph of Communism, evil and destructive as that belief is by Western standards, seems almost certain.

At the time of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth—the greatest and most germinating teacher the world has ever known—the Jews were expecting a national saviour or liberator who would lead them against their enemies and establish, either by human or supernatural force, God's kingdom on earth. But instead of offering them dominion over others, Jesus proclaimed that the Kingdom of God was not a physical but a spiritual one. It could not be founded on conquered bodies, but only in redeemed and liberated souls.

For this inheritor and supreme interpreter of the Hebrew tradition saw that God, being a spirit, could only operate through the spirit. His Kingdom could not be created by force, because it was not controllable by force. It could only be made through that which force could not control: the soul inside man. Again and again, speaking in homely parables that even the simplest could understand, Jesus stressed the supreme importance of the soul—of every soul—which, unlike any earthly dominion, was capable of enduring for ever. For men, without realising it, were living in two worlds—the physical and the spiritual. The physical was bounded by time, and man's part in it by the narrowest limits of time. But the spiritual, being outside time, endured for ever. No triumph, power or possession in the time-bound physical world could be of the slightest value compared with the life of the soul. If a man lost that—lost, that is, himself—it could profit him nothing if he gained the whole world.

It was this that made the old Hebrew belief in righteousness so important. For the Everlasting being righteousness, an everlasting soul could only be made by doing right. The enduring part of man must be built on a rock of conduct. And only by his own life in time could man create that rock. His eternal life, his part in the Kingdom of God, depended on how he behaved while on earth. By hating, deceiving or injuring any of God's other creatures man was opposing the Creator's purpose and—since all hatred was self-destructive—destroying his own soul. By loving and showing loving-kindness to a fellow-creature—and most of all to an enemy or one who had injured him—he was establishing in his soul something that continued for ever.

In this Jesus carried the Hebrew discovery of righteousness as the key to life—so easy to state, so hard to practise—farther than it had ever been carried before. God was not merely a remote force, like Nature, punishing helpless creatures if they broke moral laws and rewarding them if they kept them. By endowing man with the power to choose between love and hate, courage and cowardice, good and evil, God had made him a partner in the eternal drama of creation. The world of the spirit was a free world—a battlefield in which every man could decide now, in time, an everlasting future: could create happiness or misery, make or mar the universe, win eternal life or lose it.

And man could make it for others as well as for himself. An act of the spirit—a just, upright or selfless life, a noble death, a deed of love, charity or endurance—could have incalculable effects. It could inspire and aid men, both living and unborn, to win eternal life for themselves. Performed in the world of time, it could transcend time, becoming part of the timeless world that has no end.

For God was love, and the sole way to God, on earth as in heaven, was through loving and serving others.

The Kingdom of Heaven was made out of love expressed by service. There was no other Kingdom of Heaven—no other enduring joy or dominion, and everything else was an illusion of a physical world which had no continuance. Humility not arrogance, meekness not pride, gentleness not ruthlessness, repentance not self-justification, forgiveness not vengeance were the keys to unlock the gate of God's inner Kingdom. All the standards of the material world were unreal. Whoever abased himself should be exalted; whoever exalted himself should be abased. By seeking his life a man should lose it; by giving it, he should save it and have it more abundantly. When Jesus's disciples, who, for all their love and wonder, could never with their earth-bound minds wholly understand him, asked which of them should be first in the Kingdom of Heaven, he replied that the first should be last and the last first. The only precedence in that Kingdom was that of love and service.

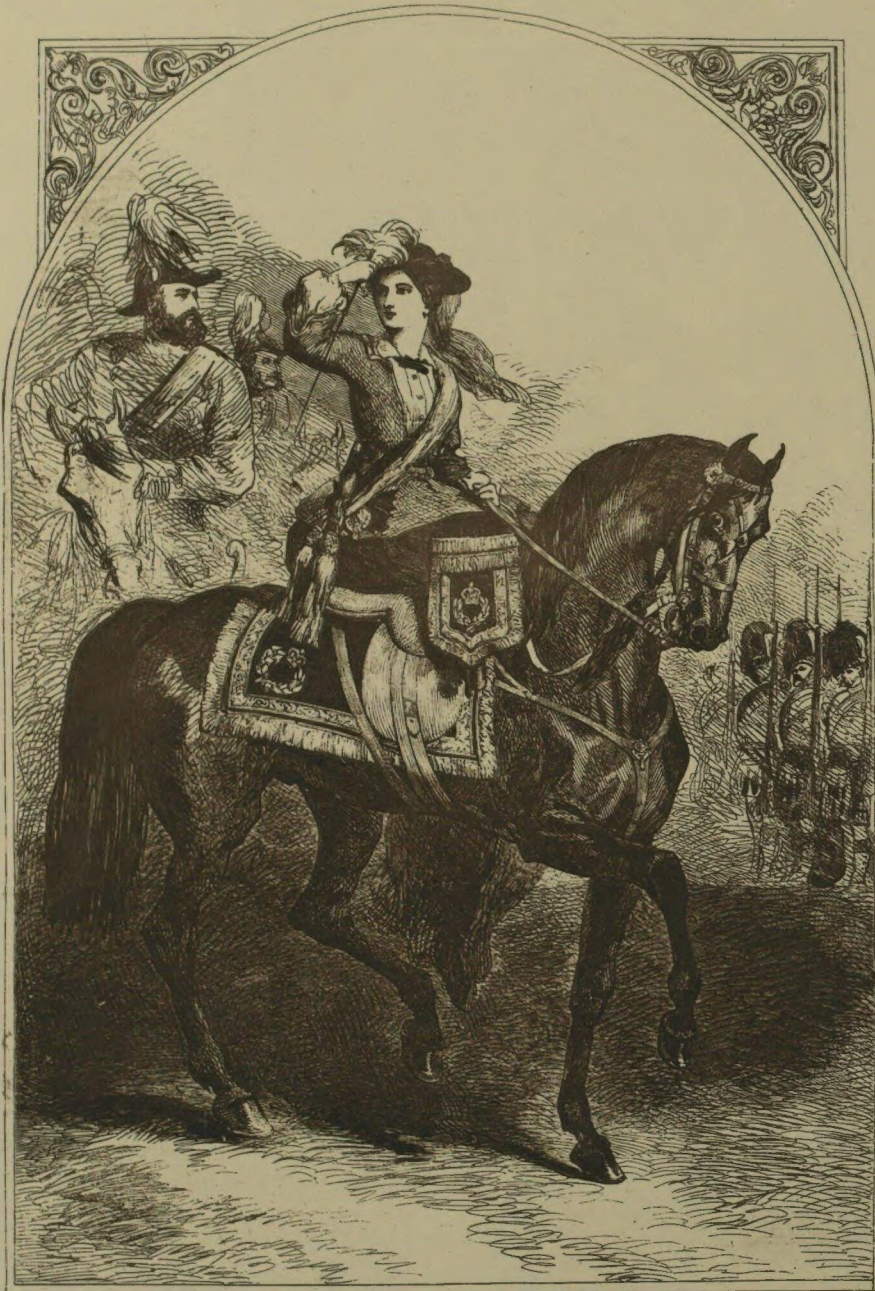
Before, therefore, a man could enter it he must be reborn. He must have absolute faith in God and surrender his will to His. He must subject the cravings of his worldly and temporal nature to the needs of his inner and eternal one. By making his soul master of his life on earth, he would find that the son of man could become the son of God. For though man's body, born of woman, made of dust, was bound by the physical limits of time and space, his soul was of God, yearned for God and was loved by God. By living selflessly, man could become part of God's creative and eternal will.

There lay the dominion that Jesus offered to the Jews, so anxiously awaiting a saviour. Two thousand years before the modern science of psychology he anticipated the psychologists by showing that the secret of living lay in releasing and mastering the subconscious. The only conquest worth making—the only one that could endure—was the conquest by a man of his own self. For it was obsession with self that was the root of all sin—the opposite of righteousness and of God. Selfishness made the world a discord of warring creatures instead of a concord of loving ones. The key to life was to cast self away: to give instead of to take. By demanding nothing and offering everything, the humblest and poorest could enter into the peace of God that passed all understanding. And it was a peace that was everlasting.

Christ was so much more than a teacher, and the relationship in which

He has stood and stands to countless millions of believers has been so sacred and intimate that it is difficult for a Christian to restate the principles of life He discovered and revealed apart from the deeper issues of faith raised by His miraculous birth and life and sacrificial death. Yet, if new and unbelieving generations are to be reconverted to the great Faith that has made all that is good and ennobling in our society, it is essential that the principles Christ taught should be seen clearly, not only by those who are already believers, but by the far greater number who are not. For it was that teaching, crowned by Christ's supreme and heroic lesson of example in life and death, which first created the miracle of the conversion of Western man—a miracle which has to be renewed and re-enacted, if not in every generation, in every age of human development.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN UNIFORM, AN INTERESTING PARALLEL WITH OUR COLOUR SUPPLEMENT OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



"HER MAJESTY IN HER NEW MILITARY COSTUME, AT THE CAMP, ALDERSHOT." AN ENGRAVING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 16, 1856.

Our supplement in full colour in this issue shows Princess Elizabeth in the uniform of Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, which she wore on June 7 when, in the absence of his Majesty, she took the Salute at the King's Birthday Parade and the ceremony of Trooping the Colour. On this page we reproduce an engraving of the Princess's great-great-grandmother, her late Majesty Queen Victoria, in the uniform she wore for her visit to the camp at Aldershot in 1856 in celebration of the return of the troops from the Crimea. It was published in our issue of August 16, 1856, with the following account of the occasion. "Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which they [the troops] received the Queen and the shout which came simultaneously from 20,000 men must have awakened the most pleasurable feelings in the Royal breast. Her Majesty rode at the head of a brilliant Staff; and out of compliment to her brave defenders appeared in a military uniform. The habit was of the finest scarlet cloth; the ornaments on the collar beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, the device the same as a Field Marshal's. Across the left shoulder the blue ribbon of the Garter; a brilliant star upon the left breast; and a crimson and gold net sash terminated with gold bullion tassels. The hat was of a light black felt with a round crown, and of graceful design, having a general officer's plume of white and red feathers and a cord of crimson and gold thrice round the crown ending with two handsome gold and crimson bullion tassels."

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER—FAMOUS PEOPLE.



AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER: MRS. EISENHOWER, WIFE OF THE GENERAL (LEFT), TALKING TO MRS. GIFFORD, WIFE OF THE U.S. AMBASSADOR.



"THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR": THE GUEST OF HONOUR, GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, SPEAKING AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER.

GATHERED TO DO HONOUR TO GENERAL EISENHOWER.



GENERAL EISENHOWER TALKING TO HIS OLD S.H.A.E.F. DEPUTY, MARSHAL OF THE AIR FORCE LORD TEDDER, BEFORE THE E.S.U. DINNER.



MR. HERBERT MORRISON (RIGHT), WHO WAS ONE OF THE SPEAKERS AT THE DINNER, SEEMINGLY "STUMPED" BY A LAUGHING REMARK FROM MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS, THE FORMER U.S. AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.



THE ATTLEES AND THE EISENHOWERS: GENERAL EISENHOWER SHAKES HANDS WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, WHILE MRS. ATTLEE (RIGHT) GREET'S MRS. EISENHOWER BEFORE THE GROSVENOR HOUSE DINNER.



AT THE DINNER IN HONOUR OF GENERAL EISENHOWER: THE DUCHESS OF ARGVLL TALKING WITH GENERAL IRA C. EAKER, WHO DURING THE WAR COMMANDED THE U.S. EIGHTH AIR FORCE.



GENERAL CARL SPAATZ, WHO WAS CHIEF OF THE U.S. AIR STAFF DURING THE WAR, TALKING WITH MRS. LEWIS DOUGLAS (RIGHT), WIFE OF THE FORMER U.S. AMBASSADOR.

ON July 3—the eve of Independence Day—the English-Speaking Union gave at Grosvenor House a dinner in honour of General Eisenhower. It was a very large and distinguished gathering, the speakers, besides General Eisenhower himself, being the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord Samuel and the retiring President, the Marquess of Salisbury. All united, whatever the nominal subject of his speech, to pay homage to General Eisenhower for his great achievements in the past and for the great qualities which he brings to his present

(Continued below.)



OLD FRIENDS, ALLIES AND SPARRING PARTNERS IN GENIAL MOOD: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND GENERAL EISENHOWER GREET EACH OTHER.

responsibilities in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. In Mr. Attlee's words: "General Eisenhower is the man who won the war: it is as well to remember that. We all remember the enormous responsibilities he shouldered during the war and the courage with which he took his decisions. Now we want to thank him for again taking up the arduous work of commanding the forces

of many nations." General Eisenhower himself spoke principally on the need of European unity and, while stressing the power, actual and potential, of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, said how tragic it was that Europe should be "hobbled by a web of customs barriers, interlaced with bilateral agreements, multilateral cartels, local shortages and economic monstrosities."

A ROYAL OCCASION AND FARMER'S FESTIVAL THE ROYAL SHOW AT CAMBRIDGE.



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL SHOW ON JULY 1: H.M. THE QUEEN, WHO RECEIVED A GREAT WELCOME FROM A CROWD OF NEARLY 50,000 PEOPLE.



AN IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE ON THE OPENING DAY: THE PARADE OF HEAVY HORSES IN THE GRAND RING. THE MANY FINE ANIMALS INCLUDED SHIRES, CLYDESDALES AND PERCHERONS. A COMPETITION OF SHOEING SMITHS AND A GATE-MAKING COMPETITION WERE HELD.



IN THE GRAND PARADE RING: BRITISH FRIESIAN BULLS; SHOWING (RIGHT) MR. CHANDLER'S TARTAN SECOND THROUGHT. AMONG THE VARIOUS DAIRY BREEDS EXHIBITED THE BRITISH FRIESIANS AT THE SHOW REACHED A NEW HIGH LEVEL OF EXCELLENCE.



PROCEEDING TO THE ROYAL PAVILION TO RECEIVE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF CAMBRIDGE IN PROCESSION.



WINNER OF A FIRST PRIZE IN THE ARAB STALLION CLASS: LADY WENTWORTH'S FAMOUS CHAMPION STALLION DARGEE. MISS YULE'S ALEX PONTO was second in this class.



WINNER OF A FIRST PRIZE IN THE POLO AND RIDING PONY STALLION CLASS: MISS NINA JELLEY'S CAT PESTO, A DARK-BROWN PONY BORN IN 1944.



BEST EXHIBIT IN THE WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY CLASS: MISS M. PRODBICK'S GREY STALLION COWD MADOG, BORN IN 1947. THE JUDGE WAS MR. H. L. RICHARDS.



THE BEST SHETLAND PONY MARE: MR. HARRY P. SLEIGH'S WELLS ELAINE, A BLACK MARE BORN IN 1947. THE BEST STALLION WAS MR. SLEIGH'S WELLS TAEFORTH.



THE CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION OF THE SHOW: PRINCE OF WALKER, A BAY BRED BY W. CATERALL AND SHOWN BY W. CUMBER AND SON (THEALE) LTD.



THE BEST PERCHERON MARE (WITH HER OWN FOAL AT FOOT): W. DRURY AND SONS' BELST GEE, A GREY BORN IN 1945.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL SHOW AT DURING THE FOUR-DAY SHOW. LAST YEAR THE ROYAL

CAMBRIDGE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE FROM THE AIR SHOW WAS HELD AT OXFORD. (Photograph: Aerofline.)



PRESENTING THE CUP FOR THE CHAMPION RIDING HUNTER: H.R.M. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER HANDING THE TROPHY TO MR. TATLOW ON MR. W. H. COOPER'S CHESTNUT GELDING, MIGHTY JON.



THE PITWATER CUP: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER HANDING THE TROPHY TO MR. G. H. AND MISS E. A. JOHNSTONE, OWNERS OF THREE GUERNSEY COWS WITH MAXIMUM PERCENTAGE OF BUTTERFAT.



RESERVE RED POLL COW CHAMPION: H.M. THE KING'S ROYAL GLADBOYS, FROM THE SANDRINGHAM HERD. HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL FREDIC TOOK THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN ITS CLASS.



THE CHAMPION JERSEY BULL: MR. F. CUNY'S LA POME SILVER 1020, BORN IN FEBRUARY 1948, AND BRED BY J. O. ARTHUR, OF ST. MARY, JERSEY.



THE CHAMPION GUERNSEY COW: MR. H. J. SAYWELL'S ROBERT'S RIFLE 2ND OF PITCHBURY, BORN IN 1940 AND DUE TO CALVE BEFORE THE SHOW.



SUPREME CHAMPION, CHAMPION AND WINNER OF A FIRST PRIZE: THE EARL OF ROSEBURY'S ABERDEEN-ANGUS COW JANET 13TH OF DALNEY.



SUPREME CHAMPION: MR. T. B. EARLE'S WENSLEYDALE YEARLING EWE. MR. T. B. EARLE'S WENSLEYDALE SHEARLING RAM WAS RESERVE IN THE WENSLEYDALE CLASS.



THE BEST DORSET HORN RAM LAMB: MR. C. F. LUTTRELL'S LAMB. THE BEST DORSET HORN EWE LAMB WAS ONE SHOWN BY MR. M. A. TORY, OF BLANDFORD.

The annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, popularly known as "The Royal," is a great national event, of importance to everyone interested in agriculture, both in this country and in the Dominions and foreign countries. It is, in addition, an agreeable function, with much to appeal not only to the expert farmer and stockbreeder, but to everyone with a love and appreciation of the countryside, and of rural pursuits. This year it was held at Cambridge, from July 3 to July 6, in fine summer weather, and was honoured by the presence of

royalty. The Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal attended on July 3 and the Duchess on July 4, and the Queen on July 5. Her Majesty watched the cattle from all parts of Britain in the Grand Ring for the selection of supreme champions in the Beef and Dairy and Dual-Purpose sections; and presented awards. The supreme champions were—one bull and one cow—in the Beef section, the Aberdeen-Angus. The Shorthorns took the reserve championship; and in the Dairy and Dual-Purpose section the premier award went to the

Ayrshire pair, with Jersey in reserve. The King was a successful exhibitor, for he took championship and reserve in their classes respectively with his Red Poll cows from the Sandringham herd, *Royal Prolific* and *Royal Gladious*. On the opening day the paid attendance was not so high as last year, but this figure tends to be misleading, as the society's membership is now 18,500, and the number of foreign visitors was impressive. The level of the exhibits in every class was high. Much interest was roused by the parade of pit ponies, now

wearing rugs with the monogram of the National Coal Board. The display illustrating the progress in mechanizing the farming industry was well arranged, and included ploughs and other implements used over 100 years ago. Links with the past were also provided by such veteran farm employees as Mr. A. Jeffery, who began work seventy years ago at the wage of 3s. 6d. a week. He was one of those to whom the Queen presented long-service medals. The Princess Royal showed considerable interest in the displays devoted to women's work.

A REPARATION TO AN INJURED SHADE.

"THE KING'S FRIEND; THE LIFE OF CHARLES BERKELEY, VISCOUNT FITZHARDINGE, EARL OF FALMOUTH"; By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BIOGRAPHIES may have all sorts of origins. One author may be fascinated by the character of some dead man, and wish to exhibit, in a true light, his nobility or his villainy. Another author may feel that somebody has not "had his due" and that the time has come to "put him on the map." Yet another author may be willing to undertake a "Life" of someone or other because he needs a job and a publisher thinks that a book of the sort will find a market. Yet another author may be commissioned by "the family" to erect a monument to the revered deceased. But Mr. Hartmann has been prompted by a novel kind of motive. It seems that in a former book he unwittingly did injustice to a person of no great eminence who died young; and that he feels that full reparation to the injured shade can be made only by writing his life—which I don't suppose would ever have been written had Mr. Hartmann not been afflicted by that old-fashioned, bourgeois, capitalistic, anti-People's-Democracy thing, a twinge of conscience.

Let me put it in his own words: "Perhaps I ought to offer some explanation for presenting a full-length biography of a rather commonplace young gentleman, whose eminence during his lifetime was certainly not due to his possession of any outstanding intellectual or political gifts. This book is, in a way, an experiment in biography, since most writers start with a sympathy with, or, at any rate, a special interest in, their subject. I had no such interest in Falmouth: my feeling was, indeed, slightly antagonistic, for the real origin of the book was an amiable comment by my friend Arthur Bryant to the effect that I had been a little unjust to Falmouth in my 'Charles II. and Madame.' Unwilling to do anyone an injustice, and curious, too, to discover, if it were possible, the reasons for the extraordinary affection in which he was undoubtedly held by both Charles II. and the Duke of York, I decided to investigate his character and career, and here is the result. I am bound to admit that I have found much in him to like and even a little to admire." As the phrase goes, "You can't say fairer than that."

Had Mr. Hartmann not felt that he had been rather unfair to a dead man and ought, as a gentleman, to repair the error, I think that it is doubtful whether a life of Charles Berkeley would ever have been written—I find it difficult to refer to him as Lord

descended from Danes holding office under Edward the Confessor and King Harold. At eighteen he was appointed to the household of Charles, Prince of Wales. His father remained in England, compounding under the Commonwealth: he himself served abroad, under the Duke of York. After the Restoration he rose rapidly in rank and fortune; he was so greatly in favour with the King that Pepys could only put the worst construction on it. But the real reason of his promotion was that the young King loved and trusted him, even using him as a messenger between himself and his sister in France. The sister, "Madame," also trusted him; she also was not unaware of the existence of perfidy and the wrong sort of caution. But after five years at home, Charles Berkeley was dead, killed by a cannon-ball.

After one has read this book, Charles Berkeley remains a rather shadowy, rather enchanting, figure,

to ples you in doeng what you have a mind to and that will be the greatest plasher to me in the world. The King hass just now caread me to cis the quines hand to be laday of the bad chamber." Mr. Hartmann appends an English translation to this.

I don't see why I should copy it out: my readers may find it amusing to work it out for themselves after they have finished *The Times* crossword puzzle.

The book, through lack of original materials (the author's main untapped source seems to have been the Sackville mss.), does not give more than glimpses of Charles Berkeley, though the glimpses of him are attractive. But even were he present less dimly than he is, the reader would not be bored, because of the wealth of quotations from contemporary documents on all sorts of subjects. We find, in 1656, that the English Council of State granted Charles Berkeley a licence for two servants of his to transport thirty couple of hounds to France—perhaps the defenders of the present Age of Chivalry may find a parallel in our recent supplying of machine-tools, jet 'planes, and rubber to various countries. There is a letter from a Major Tim Blencowe, who lived at Portsmouth and had shot some brent geese: "Sir, I begg your acceptance of a Brangoose Pye, they were the first that came to our coast this yeare, and I hope that will come in this kind to Court. If it prove worth your eating 'tis all the desire of your very humble, obliged and faithfull servant, Tim: Blencowe." There is a letter from Berkeley's brother



"THE BATTLE OF LOWESTOFT": FROM THE PAINTING BY THE FLEMISH ARTIST, MINDERHOUT, IN THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

This painting shows the very stage in the battle when the *Royal Charles* and the *Eendracht* were engaged and Lord Falmouth was killed. In common with the other illustrations on this page, it is reproduced from "The King's Friend," by permission of the publishers, William Heinemann.

like some of those young men who died bravely in our last two wars, before their friends knew quite how they would have developed had they not greeted the unseen with a cheer and gone into the dark. There is that blot on his record that, because of his utter loyalty to the Royal family, he was willing to vouch for the looseness of innocent Anne Hyde—whom her father, the respectable Clarendon, was willing to discard because she had presumed to love James, Duke of York, heir to the throne—simply because he could not bear the notion of a Royal prince marrying a commoner. His King, Charles II., was by no means so particular; his view was that brother James had made his bed and should lie on it; but, surrounded as he was by time-servers, rips and prudent elders, the weary-eyed and partly disillusioned man probably liked Berkeley none the less because of his obstinate addiction to theories in which he did not himself believe.

As a young man abroad, Charles Berkeley fought bravely (our exiles were sometimes in the French, and sometimes in the Spanish, ranks, and at the Battle of the Dunes, Berkeley was wounded by his own countrymen) and, after five years of rapid promotion under the restored Monarchy, he died at sea in action against the Dutch. It is evident that he and his wife, Mary Bagot (whose portrait, by Lely, is at Hampton Court), loved one another; he was no rake, and Pepys, after he was dead, made handsome amends for the offensive remarks he had made about him in his Diary before he had ever met him.

Husband and wife may perhaps have been drawn towards each other by their common inability to spell properly. He, when he was wooing her, wrote: "I doe see plainly there is noe expectation of your being a friend as becomes you to one that has alwaies loved you with soe much passion, which is not only caused by the nearnes of my relation to you, but by your merit, which noe body deserves more than I doe, nor the small return you mack me. How eaver I can not but desier that you should tacke the paines to conserve the frendship of one that loves you soe well as I doe; nothing can excede it." But, compared with his lady's spelling, his reads like something out of a manual. This is her style—excelling, so far as I remember, even that of William III.'s spouse: "I shoul have ben extremely trobel for feare you had not ben wall but that I hard so because for you ware not so good as your word to right from grafesenn prae me lord leat me here as ofen as you can for seance I canot sey you I have no sattesfacion but in heareng I was in so much trobel that night you went away that I was not abele to say wonn word afar all thos kind thenges you sead to mee so though it tis imposable for mee eaver to doe anyathing to desar it all the wayes I have to doe it is in seeking



MARY BAGOT, AFTERWARDS LADY FALMOUTH: FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELEY, IN THE COLLECTION OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

Charles Berkeley, Viscount Fitzhardinge, Earl of Falmouth, married the beautiful Mary Bagot, who became a Maid of Honour to Anne Hyde when her household was established on her acknowledgment as Duchess of York.

Falmouth, for the title was only briefly held by a Berkeley, and has for a much longer period been held by the Boscauwens, Cornishmen who have served their country well. Charles Berkeley was a younger son of a younger branch of the ancient family of Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, whose original name was Fitzhardinge, and who are reputed to have been



THE COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH: BY SIR PETER LELEY, FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE COLLECTION OF EARL SPENCER AT ALTHROP.

The Countess of Falmouth married as her second husband Lord Buckhurst, afterwards sixth Earl of Dorset, and died in 1679, aged thirty-four. She is mentioned several times by Pepys, who found her "pretty pleasant in her looks."

in Ireland: "From ye highest to ye lowest there is not one drachme of truth in this country, which hath occasioned me not a few very violent fits of ye spleene." There are also other remarks about the beggarly pay of fighting men and the advantages of being related to politicians which might have been made in almost any age in almost any clime.

A slight book, but entertaining.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 74 of this issue.

* "The King's Friend: The Life of Charles Berkeley, Viscount Fitzhardinge, Earl of Falmouth (1630-1665)." By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 18s.)



(UPPER PHOTOGRAPH) THE U.N. DELEGATES ARRIVE AT KAESONG TO ARRANGE FOR THE "CEASE-FIRE" TALKS. (RIGHT) COMMUNIST REPRESENTATIVES; (EXTREME LEFT TO RIGHT) COLONEL J. C. MURRAY, COLONEL A. J. KINNEY, LIEUT.-COLONEL SOO YOUNG-LEE AND TWO INTERPRETERS. (BELOW) AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE: THE COMMUNIST NEGOTIATORS, WHOSE LEADER WAS COLONEL CHANG, A NORTH KOREAN.

THE FIRST STEPS TO A KOREAN "CEASE-FIRE": U.N. DELEGATES AT KAESONG TO ARRANGE THE FORMAL CONFERENCE.

On July 8, a U.N. delegation of three, with interpreters, left Munsan by helicopter and reached Kaesong 30 minutes later to discuss with the Chinese and North Koreans the arrangements for the "cease-fire" conference to be held in the same place on July 10. They were led by Colonel A. J. Kinney of the U.S. Air Force, the other members being

Colonel J. C. Murray of the U.S. Marines, and the South Korean representative, Lieut.-Colonel Soo Young-lee. The leader of the Communists was the North Korean Colonel Chang, the other members being the Chinese Colonel Chai and another North Korean, Lieut.-Col. Kim. The discussions lasted 3½ hours and were conducted in a tone of military courtesy.

(Radio Pictures.)

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: FINE RACING AND SIX CAMBRIDGE VICTORIES.



THE FINAL OF THE RACE FOR THE WYFOLD CUP: CAIUS COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE) (RIGHT) WINNING FROM CLARE COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE) BY $\frac{1}{4}$ LENGTH IN 7 MINUTES, 55 SECONDS. SIX OF THE TROPHIES AT HENLEY THIS YEAR WENT TO CAMBRIDGE.



THE CLOSE FINISH FOR THE LADIES' PLATE; JESUS AND PEMBROKE HAD A GREAT CONTEST, AND PEMBROKE, THE STRONGER CREW, JUST WON. IT WAS A GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF CAMBRIDGE'S PROWESS.



AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE DIAMOND SCULLS: T. A. FOX (CAMBRIDGE) WHO BEAT THE FINE DANISH AND OLYMPIC OARSMAN, E. LARSEN, IN THE MOST DRAMATIC "DIAMONDS" SEEN FOR YEARS.



LADY MARGARET CREW, WINNERS OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT, THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, FROM "LAGA" (HOLLAND); AND THEIR TRAINER (CENTRE). THEY ARE H. H. ALMOND (BOW), (FOURTH FROM RIGHT), J. S. M. JONES, J. R. DINGLE, D. D. MACKLIN, E. J. WORLIDGE, R. F. A. SHARPLEY, N. B. M. CLACK, C. B. M. LLOYD (STROKE; THIRD FROM RIGHT), AND P. PREST (COX; THIRD FROM LEFT).



THE FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP: THE THAMES ROWING CLUB MAKING A CLEAR WIN OVER THE LEANDER CLUB AT HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA ON JULY 7.

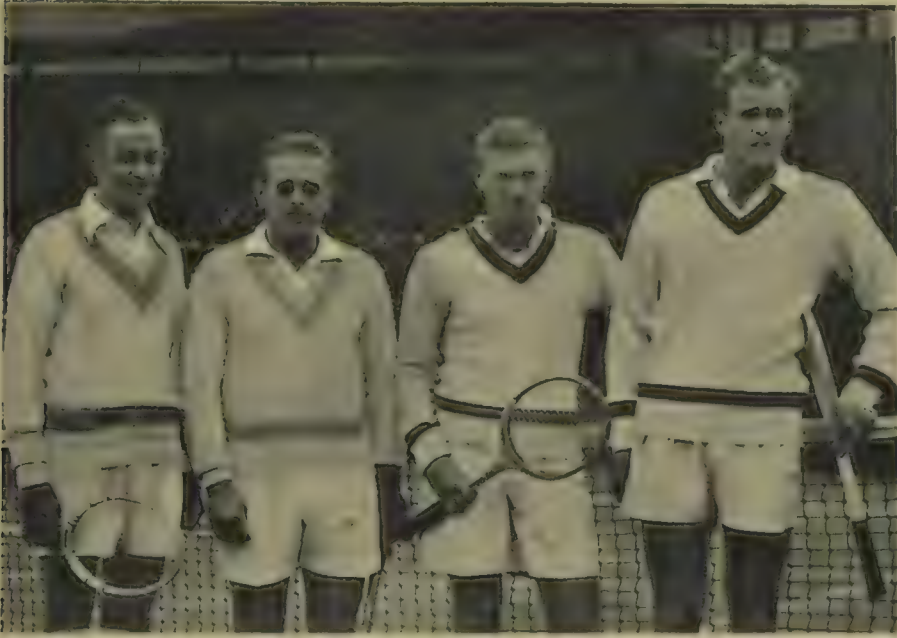


THE FINISH OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHALLENGE CUP: BEDFORD SCHOOL CREW WINNING BY $1\frac{1}{2}$ LENGTHS FROM RADLEY COLLEGE, WHO PRESSED THEM HARD.

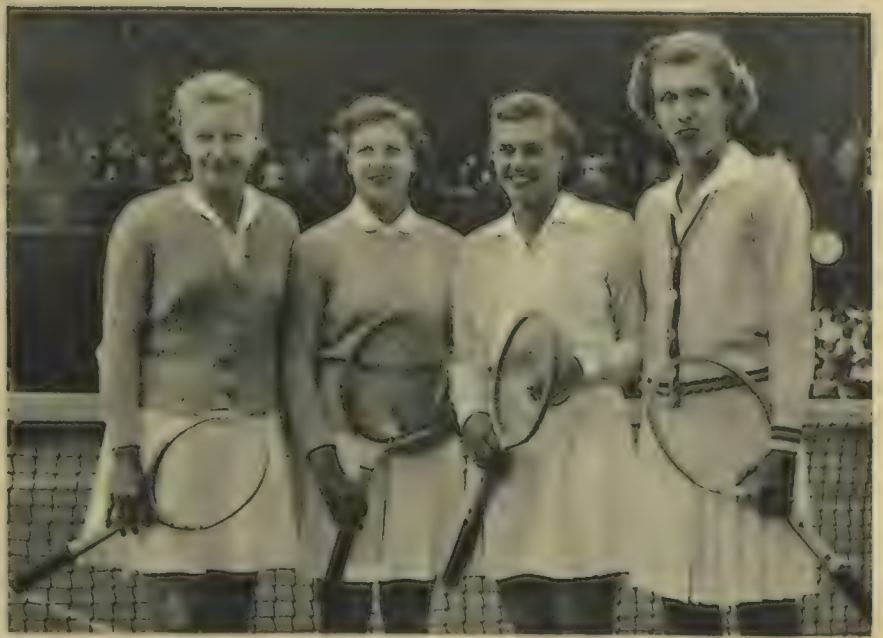
Henley Royal Regatta this year was notable for the high quality of the rowing, the fine racing and the achievement of Cambridge, who won six of the events—the Grand Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Plate, the Visitors' Cup, the Wyfold Cup, the Silver Goblets and the Diamond Sculls. Lady Margaret crew were outstanding. They won the most important event, the Grand Challenge Cup, from "Laga," Holland, one of the best Continental crews seen in this country for years—strong, well-trained and rowing with great judgment. "Laga" led at the barrier, but Lady Margaret drew level, took the lead and passed

the post a length in front in 7 mins. 15 secs. It was a faultless display of classical eight-oared rowing. Pembroke, Cambridge, beat Jesus, Cambridge, in the Ladies' Plate by virtue of superior length. Trinity Hall, Cambridge, won the Visitors' Cup from 1st and 3rd Trinity, Cambridge; Caius, Cambridge, beat Clare, Cambridge, in the Wyfold Cup; J. G. P. Crowden and C. B. M. Lloyd, Cambridge, beat J. Rosa and C. van Antwerpen (Belgium) in the Silver Goblets; and T. A. Fox beat E. Larsen in a most exciting "Diamonds." Bedford School won the Princess Elizabeth Cup for the fourth time.

"ALL CHANGE" AT WIMBLEDON: THE NEW CHAMPIONS AND THE RUNNERS-UP.



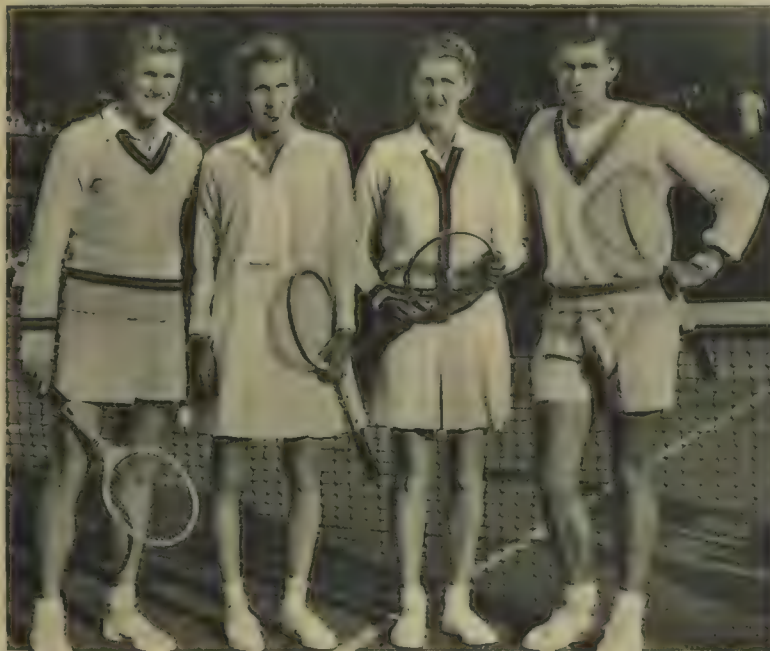
FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: E. W. STURGESS (S.A.) AND J. DROBNY (EGYPT), WHO WERE DEFEATED, AFTER A LONG AND GRUELLING STRUGGLE, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, BY THE NEW CHAMPIONS, FRANK SEDGMAN AND KENNETH MCGREGOR, THE AUSTRALIAN PAIR (L. TO R.).



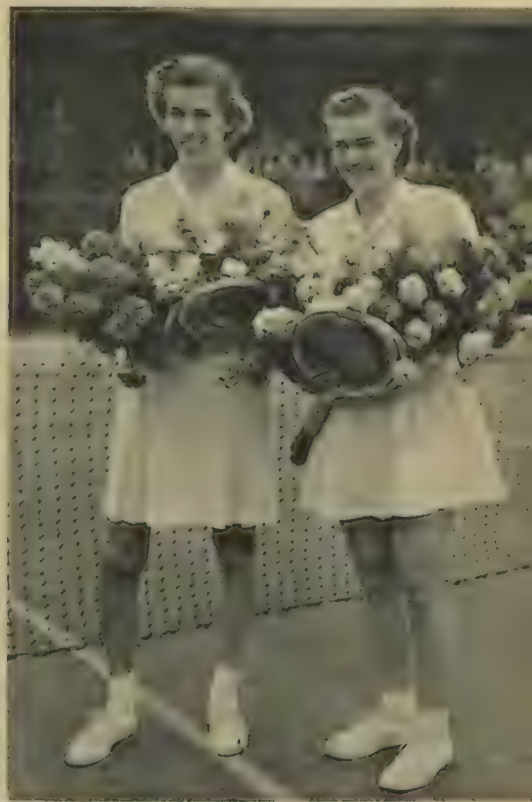
FINALISTS IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: MISS LOUISE BROUGH AND MRS. DU PONT (FORMER HOLDERS), WHO LOST TO THE NEW CHAMPIONS, MISS SHIRLEY FRY AND MISS DORIS HART, 6-3, 13-11 (L. TO R.). MISS BROUGH WAS SUFFERING FROM "TENNIS ELBOW" THIS YEAR.



FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S SINGLES: THE NEW CHAMPION, RICHARD SAVITT (U.S.; LEFT), AND THE RUNNER-UP, KEN MCGREGOR (AUSTRALIA). RICHARD SAVITT WON IN THREE STRAIGHT SETS 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.



FINALISTS IN THE MIXED DOUBLES: FRANK SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA) AND HIS PARTNER, MISS DORIS HART (U.S.), THE NEW CHAMPIONS; AND MRS. N. M. BOLTON AND MERVYN ROSE (AUSTRALIA), WHOM THEY BEAT 7-5, 6-2.



FINALISTS IN THE WOMEN'S SINGLES: MISS DORIS HART (U.S.), WHO WON THREE TITLES ON JULY 7, AND (RIGHT) MISS SHIRLEY FRY, WHOM SHE BEAT 6-1, 6-0 AND PARTNERED TO VICTORY IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES.

"ALL CHANGE" was the theme of this year's Wimbledon, for new names have been inscribed on the rolls of all five championships. It was Miss Doris Hart's year, for this American player from Florida, who has had to overcome a serious physical disability which attacked her as a child, won three titles on July 7. She defeated Miss Shirley Fry (U.S.) in the Women's Singles (6-1, 6-0) and on the same day won the Women's Doubles partnered by Miss Fry, beating Miss L. Brough and Mrs. M. du Pont (holders) by 6-3, 13-11; and the Mixed Doubles, partnered by Frank Sedgman (Australia), defeating M. Rose and Mrs. N. M. Bolton (Australia) by 7-5, 6-2. Miss Hart played a magnificent game, proving herself a worthy champion. She has been a leading player for the past three years and has beaten Miss Brough (who

(Continued opposite.



RECEIVING THE COVETED TROPHY FROM H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT: MISS DORIS HART, WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES, THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES (WITH MISS FRY), AND THE MIXED DOUBLES (WITH F. SEDGMAN).

Continued.] this year was suffering from "tennis elbow") and Mrs. du Pont on various occasions, but never until this year at Wimbledon. The final of the Men's Singles, played on July 6, resulted in a victory for Richard Savitt (U.S.), twenty-four-year-old Cornell University graduate. He beat Kenneth McGregor (Australia) 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, displaying excellent generalship. McGregor, a graceful and athletic player, is still immature as a tactician. The Australian pair, Frank Sedgman and K. McGregor, duly beat J. Drobny (Egypt) and E. W. Sturgess (S.A.) in the Men's Doubles, but by no great margin, for the score was 3-6, 6-2, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3. Sturgess fought valiantly throughout, but Drobny was brilliant at times only. Frank Sedgman proved himself to be a great doubles player in this strenuous match.

THE first question which we seek to answer in considering the Russian proposals for a military truce in Korea, as a preliminary to a more enduring settlement, is how these came about. As we never know the Russian mind, we can only seek for probabilities. It would seem that the Chinese Communist Government has represented to Soviet Russia that it is unable to continue the struggle without further support than has yet been provided, and that the latter prefers a settlement. The scale on which the Chinese armies in Korea are equipped does not suggest that Russia has been particularly generous, but it may be inconvenient to her to do more. Whatever has been given has been drawn from the stocks of the Far Eastern forces, stocks which have to be replenished by railway over immense distances. From the Chinese point of view, the original object of driving the United Nations forces into the sea is now clearly unattainable with the present resources. Every offensive has failed and, in general, each has been defeated more easily than the last. On the other hand, the Chinese can hardly be in danger of utter rout while the United Nations remain determined not to advance again to the Yalu indeed, far north of the 38th Parallel.

The United Nations have succeeded in their object, at least in their original object. They have repelled the aggression against South Korea, and they announced no further aim to begin with. Yet it would be a quibble to stop there and neglect to add that if the political background had not been unfavourable to the prospect of a complete and decisive victory they would have sought much more. The original aim mentioned belonged to the period when North Korea alone was the aggressor. Since then that rôle has been taken over by the Chinese; in fact, the North Korean troops, but for small bodies on the flanks, have been withdrawn to the rear and seem to have no employment other than security duties. In older wars and perhaps in normal circumstances to-day every effort would have been made to chastise China for her unwarranted interference and compel her to pay damages. Nor can it be pretended that the restoration of the unity of Korea would have been omitted. Do not let us pretend that any settlement now likely to be attained is completely satisfactory either morally or in terms of the prestige of the nations which have taken part in the Korean war, least of all that of the United States, the most powerful nation in the world.

Yet in many ways a settlement would be most welcome, above all for the sake of the troops of the United Nations, who have been involved in a dreary war of exceptional hardships, and the least satisfactory type of war, because it can be but half-understood and holds out no prospect of victory. Moreover, since it is not intended to advance to the Yalu or even to attack Chinese airfields north of the river, the liberation of South Korea is for practical purposes the most that can be attained; the chance ought to be taken because it might not recur, and the war might drift on indefinitely. If that point is agreed upon, then it is logical to confess that the precise position of an armistice line is a secondary matter, though the United Nations are justified in claiming recognition of the fact that their forces now stand a long distance north of the 38th Parallel. It was reported on June 30 that, if the enemy—nominally the North Koreans, actually the Chinese—responded to the invitation of General Ridgway to discuss an armistice, he would propose the establishment of a demilitarised zone twenty miles in breadth, with its southern boundary starting on the east coast fifteen miles north of the Parallel and running to a point just south of it on the west.

This was the second point of seven in a proposed plan for an armistice. Point one was that there should be a cessation of hostilities under conditions guaranteeing the security of the forces on both sides. The third point specified that land forces should remain in their own zones and naval forces should keep outside a line at least three miles from the shores in hostile occupation. Under the fourth point, both sides would be precluded from shipping material or troops, the latter including "volunteers," which the Chinese still claim their forces to be. The fifth point, an important one, lays down that an international

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PROSPECTS OF A SETTLEMENT IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

body should supervise the observance of the truce in Korea. The sixth deals with the exchange of prisoners of war. The seventh provides for agreement about security and the return of refugees to their districts. It was also suggested that a cessation of hostilities and a formal truce would have to be promulgated simultaneously, or practically so. Here I will make one prophecy only: that bargaining may be expected to be prolonged and far from easy.

The suggestion, which according to report came in the first instance from the Russians, that negotiations should not involve the machinery of the United Nations has a good deal to recommend it. On the one hand, it may avoid difficulties about United States recognition of the Chinese Communist Government, though if a settlement were to be reached now it would be

aggression, we see at once that the difficulties will be enormous. Whether or not a cease-fire comes about quickly, the Korean question may still be under discussion several months hence. And even now there may be chicanery over a mere cease-fire.

Another and a broader question may be considered, though we have little material on which to base discussion of it. The tone of *Pravda* on the subject of the Korean war has been, so far, more objective and less vitriolic since the intervention of Mr. Malik than it was before. Some hints have appeared that Russia would be prepared to consider means for decreasing the general tension, what diplomats used to call a *détente*. We cannot yet be sure that this is so, since the tone of Russian propaganda has been known to change twice within a fortnight, and in any case there is no certainty that any such approach would be made in acceptable conditions. The last conference in Paris, which the Russians obviously did not intend should succeed, must be allowed to have been an unpromising precedent. None the less, any sign of a *détente* ought to be recognised by the Western nations. In the last year the political atmosphere has become more heavily charged than ever; so much so that the danger of a sudden explosion of a disastrous kind has been seriously increased. Though there are still many whose opinion is worthy of respect who hold that an early war is unlikely, it is well known that in official circles the prospect of war actually breaking out this year has not been altogether set aside.

Whether or not the Korean war is likely to prove a contribution to world peace is a matter on which there will be more than one opinion. From the Western point of view it has certainly provided some assets. Many nations have acted together in the name of international authority, and the final result may well show that their action has not been taken in vain. Yet it is my interest and—if I have any value as an opinion—my task to scan most closely the military, and in particular the tactical, aspect. This I cannot consider altogether satisfactory. If one questions a participant as to why it has proved impossible to rout, if not to

annihilate, an army which fights with practically nothing but the weapons it carries in its hands, the reply is: "Well, I suppose it's because the other side fights a different sort of war." Yet the Japanese in Burma fought this sort of war, and our sort of war as well when it was wanted, and they were better soldiers than the Chinese at their best. Moreover, the possibility of which Chinese officer prisoners of war were found to be most scared was the arrival of a Japanese army in Korea. Troops may require experience and special training for new sorts of war, but after that they ought to be able to conduct any sort.

There was even a disposition among those participants to suppose that a war under European conditions would be easier. There they make a grave mistake. The weight of attack from the air, from armoured fighting vehicles, and from artillery of all natures, none of which they have had to face to any serious extent in Korea, would soon set them longing for its conditions. Where Britain and the Commonwealth are concerned, their land forces, small in numbers, have done well and there is no reason to suppose that much is wrong with their tactics. Yet for them as for all it would be unwise to leave any assumption unquestioned. The Korean war ought to lead to the most careful stocktaking by all the nations which have taken part in it. Even though the type of warfare which has been going on for a year in the peninsula may never be reproduced in future, it will assuredly contain material for valuable lessons, moral as well as tactical. The United States has manifestly the widest field to cover and the greatest volume of experience, but there is scope for all.



THE CEASE-FIRE NEGOTIATIONS IN KOREA: A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF WONSAN, THE MEETING-PLACE PROPOSED BY GENERAL RIDGWAY ON JUNE 29, AND KAESONG, PROPOSED BY THE COMMUNIST COMMANDERS AND ACCEPTED BY GENERAL RIDGWAY ON JULY 3; AND THE APPROXIMATE POSITION OF THE FRONT LINE.

On June 29, General Ridgway sent a message to the Communist Commander-in-Chief in Korea suggesting that the representatives of both sides might meet aboard a Danish hospital ship in Wonsan Harbour to negotiate a cease-fire in Korea. On July 1 the invitation was accepted by Kim Il Sung and Peng Te-huai, but they proposed that the meeting should take place in the area of Kaesong between July 10 and 15. On July 3 General Ridgway accepted Kaesong as a meeting-place and suggested that liaison officers should meet on July 5, or as soon thereafter as practicable. On the following day the Communist commanders agreed to a preliminary meeting in the Kaesong area on July 8. General Peng Te-huai, a native of Hunan, is fifty, and has served in the Kuomintang Army. He joined the Communist Party in March, 1928, and took part in the "Long March" to Shensi, and later became second-in-command of the Eighth Route Army.

reasonable to expect recognition to follow. On the other hand, it might permit Communist China to save face over the "volunteers"—who, in fact, compose complete armies raised by conscription. As I write, the Chinese have already begun an internal campaign of "face saving," in which their nation has always been skilled and in which the Communist régime is no less expert than its many predecessors. The Chinese people are being told that their forces have been consistently victorious, but that China is nevertheless disposed to seek peace; this has come into the sphere of possibility because Chinese successes have defeated the intention of Wall Street to expand the war and the huge losses suffered by the United States may compel her to agree to the just and reasonable proposals for peace which have been repeatedly put forward by China and by the Soviet Union. It is a pretty travesty, but it will probably be accepted as true in China, and we cannot be sure that this will not be the case elsewhere in Asia.

Communist China has indeed suffered defeat but, as I have pointed out, not decisive defeat, which became virtually impossible owing to the limitations under which it was decided to conduct the war after General MacArthur's disastrous advance to the Yalu. In such circumstances, the terms of an armistice cannot be dictated, as they were, for instance, by Foch in 1918 and by Hitler in 1940. This places a considerable responsibility on the head of General Ridgway for the security of the forces under his command. He cannot do what Foch and Hitler did, which was to make the granting of an armistice conditional upon an immediate partial disarmament of the enemy such as rendered a resumption of hostilities on his part an impossibility. The probability is that if the Chinese, who have made the first advance



ONE OF THE TWO SIGNATORIES OF THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE UNITED NATIONS CEASE-FIRE PROPOSAL: PENG TE-HUAI, COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S VOLUNTEERS.



THE SECOND SIGNATORY OF THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE U.N. CEASE-FIRE PROPOSALS: KIM IL SUNG, SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE NORTH KOREAN PEOPLE'S ARMY.

STORM-CENTRES OF THE WORLD: THE PERSIAN OIL CRISIS, A "COUP D'ÉTAT" THAT FAILED, AND EVENTS IN KOREA.

H.M.S. MAURITIUS LYING OFF ABADAN: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE PERSIAN BANK OF THE SHATT-EL-ARAB, AFTER THE CRUISER ARRIVED ON JUNE 28.

On June 28 the 8000-ton cruiser *Mauritius* reached Abadan and anchored in the Shatt-el-Arab opposite the native quarter of the town, later moving to a new anchorage about a mile away. The same day the Persian Government protested to Iraq against the presence of the cruiser in the Shatt-el-Arab, as, it was claimed, under the Shatt-el-Arab Agreement of 1935, Iraq must give notice to Persia of the entrance of any foreign warships into the river on visits to Iraqi waters. They also protested against the reinforcement of British forces at posts in Iraq.



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT IN SESSION DURING THE CURRENT ANGLO-PERSIAN CRISIS ON THE NATIONALISATION OF PERSIAN OIL.

On July 5, The Hague International Court of Justice gave its recommendations on interim measures for settling the Anglo-Persian oil dispute. On July 7 the Persian Government said they did not regard the Court's decision as valid, and on July 8 the Persian Foreign Minister, speaking in Parliament, put forward the same view more strongly.



A SIAMESE *COUP D'ÉTAT* THAT FAILED: THE ARROW INDICATES THE PRIME MINISTER, PIBUL SONGGRAM, AT THE MOMENT OF HIS SEIZURE BY MARINES.

On June 29, the Siamese Premier, Pibul Songgram, was attending the transfer of a U.S. dredger to Siam at Bangkok, when he was kidnapped by naval forces in an attempt to seize power. The army, air force and police, however, remained loyal, and after about thirty-six hours' fighting, the Premier was back in power again.



AT THE UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL TO THE 29TH BRIGADE: (LEFT) BRIGADIER BRODIE, (RIGHT) LIEUT.-COLONEL R. J. H. CARSON OF THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES. On July 3, a memorial was unveiled to those of the 29th Brigade who lost their lives in a rearguard action on January 3-4, during the retreat from Seoul. The men commemorated were from the Royal Ulster Rifles, the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars and the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, R.A.



MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE KOREAN "CEASE-FIRE" TALKS: THE U.N. DELEGATION (LEFT) BEFORE EMBARKING IN A HELICOPTER FOR KAESONG.

The U.N. delegation which flew to Kaesong on July 8 to arrange for the "cease-fire" talks due to open on July 10, consisted of (left to right in photograph) Lieut.-Colonel Soo Young-lee of South Korea, Colonel J. C. Murray of the U.S. Marines, and Colonel A. J. Kinney of the U.S. Air Force. These arrangements, it has been stated, were made "harmoniously."

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES.



MR. F. W. DOIDGE.

To succeed Mr. W. J. Jordan, when the latter retires at the end of August, as New Zealand High Commissioner in London. Mr. Doidge has been Minister of External Affairs since 1949. After World War I, he spent seventeen years working in Fleet Street. He became a member of the New Zealand Parliament in 1938.



LORD HOLDEN.

Died suddenly on July 6, aged fifty-two. For a time he was in the Diplomatic Service. He joined the Labour Party in 1945, and from 1947-50 was deputy Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. In 1950 he became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.



LORD INVERCHAPEL.

Died on July 5, aged sixty-nine. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1906, and became one of the ablest and most successful diplomatists of his day. Formerly Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, he was created a baron in 1946. After serving in many parts of the world, he was posted in 1931 to Stockholm, where he did valuable work. In 1935 he was appointed British Ambassador to Iraq, and he was then successively Ambassador to China, Russia and the United States.



SIR HERBERT E. MORGAN.

Died on July 4, aged seventy-one. For many years he played a notable part in the affairs of W. H. Smith and Son. He was a founder of the Three Arts Club, a member of the Council of the National Trust and was a Vice-President of the Newspaper Press Fund. Twice he was Master of the Masons' Company, in 1938 and 1939.



SIR WALTER LAMB.

Has resigned as the Secretary of the Royal Academy, a post he has held for more than thirty-seven years. He will retire at the end of the year. Sir Walter Lamb, who was born in Australia in 1882, became Secretary of the Royal Academy in 1913. From 1905 until that year he was a lecturer on classical literature and art at Cambridge.

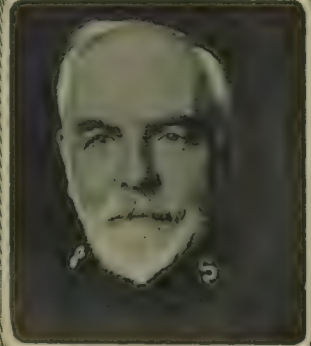


M. ANTONIN BESSE.

Died on July 2, aged seventy-four. A French merchant, he will be long remembered in this country for his magnificent gift of £1,250,000 for the foundation of St. Antony's College, Oxford. Only a short time ago he received an honorary doctorate of Civil Law at Oxford. This year he was created an honorary K.B.E. for services in Aden.

COM. DAVID LAMB.

Died on July 7, aged eighty-four. A veteran of the Salvation Army, in which he became an officer in 1884, he was appointed its Chief Secretary in South Africa when twenty-five. He was for many years International Social Secretary of the "Army," and rendered great services to the Empire by his emigration schemes. He was created C.M.G. in 1934.



(Left.)
WINNER OF THE
BRITISH OPEN GOLF
CHAMPIONSHIP AT
ROYAL PORTRUSH: MAX
FAULKNER, THIRTY-
FOUR-YEAR-OLD
BRITISH PROFESSIONAL,
NOT ATTACHED TO ANY
GOLF CLUB.

Max Faulkner, a son of Gus Faulkner, and until recently assistant to Cotton at Royal Mid-Surrey, won the British Open Golf Championship at Royal Portrush on July 7, with the impressive aggregate of 285, his four rounds being 71, 70, 70 and 74. Cerda (Argentina) was second with 287, and C. H. Ward (Little Aston) third with 290. Faulkner has been much influenced by Henry Cotton, and for the past two years has been a player of very high quality.



CLEARING 5 FT. 7½ INS. IN THE WOMEN'S A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIP HIGH JUMP, AND SO RAISING THE WORLD RECORD BY ¼-INCH: MRS. LERWILL, FORMERLY MISS SHEILA ALEXANDER. Mrs. Lerwill, formerly Miss Sheila Alexander, at the White City on July 7, cleared 5 ft. 7½ ins. in the Women's A.A.A. Championship High Jump, and so raised the world record held by Mrs. Blankers-Koen. At the time of writing, the figures have yet to be accepted officially.



WITH HIS SISTER AND WIFE (L. AND R.): "SUGAR" RAY ROBINSON, FOR SO LONG WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION. "Sugar" Ray Robinson, the American boxer who arranged to defend his title of World Middleweight Champion against Randolph Turpin at Earl's Court on July 10, on July 5 handed over cheques of 10,000 dollars each from the Damon Runyon Cancer Research Foundation to representatives of England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and Israel, at a luncheon given at Windsor.



CAPTAIN OF THE ETON XI. CHOSEN TO MEET HARROW AT LORD'S ON JULY 13-14: NICHOLAS WADHAM.



CAPTAIN OF THE HARROW XI. CHOSEN TO MEET ETON: JOHN BLEACKLEY. The annual Eton and Harrow two-day cricket match was due to begin yesterday, Friday, July 13, at Lord's, and to continue to-day, July 14. Our photographs show the respective captains of the opposing teams. The occasion is an important social gathering as well as a sporting event.



"THE WORLD'S SWEETHEART" HONOURED: MISS MARY PICKFORD AND THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE. Miss Mary Pickford, a famous personality of the early days of the films, was once known as "The World's Sweetheart." She is here seen with the Italian Ambassador to France, who had just presented her with the Solidarity Medal, awarded in recognition of her recent welfare work for Italian children. The ceremony of presentation took place in the Italian Embassy, Paris.

A NEW LONDON BY NIGHT: THE FESTIVAL GARDENS' FLOOD-LIT BEAUTIES.



FAIRYLAND IN BATTERSEA: THE MAIN VISTA (DESIGNED BY JOHN PIPER AND OSBERT LANCASTER), ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT, LOOKING ALONG THE LAKE TOWARDS THE RIVER.



ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING BUILDINGS OF THE FUN-FAIR PIAZZA: THE FANTASTIC PAVILION CROWNED WITH FISH AND CENTAURS WHICH HOUSES A CRÈCHE.



AN ENCHANTING SPECTACLE BY DAY OR BY NIGHT: THE GAILY THEATRICAL "BOXES" OF THE CRESCENT RESTAURANT, WHICH LOOKS OUT UPON THE MAIN VISTA LAKE.

In the South Bank Exhibition proper, when the mind is full of marvels and instruction, the gaiety of much of the décor and the ingenuity of many of the buildings and of their details are sources of great refreshment to the visitor. In the Festival Gardens, up-river at Battersea, this ebullient gaiety is laid on in full measure; and among the already naturally lovely landscape of that Park, delights and follies have been created with a generous and very largely successful hand—



WHERE WATER, LIGHT AND DARKNESS, AND GAY AND RICH COLOURS COMBINE TO PRODUCE A TRULY FESTIVAL SCENE: A CORNER OF THE MAIN VISTA.

or, rather, hands, as many designers have been at work. Perhaps the greatest success of the Festival so far has been its night aspect; when brilliant flood- and spot-lighting have combined with the darkness to throw a fantastic beauty in places where the jaded town-dweller expects the routine and common-place vista; and most remarkable of all, the siting of these pleasure gardens on the south bank of the river has brought the River Thames to life by day and by night.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

THERE are certain gardeners and I confess that I am one of them—who are never quite content to grow the innumerable lovely

flowers that already exist, but must for ever be cross-mating and hybridising plants in order to produce new and—one hopes—improved varieties. There is a good old-fashioned name for such folk. They are

new rhododendron being christened "Coalition." It was, if I remember rightly, a freak flower, entirely without reproductive organs.

A year or two ago I decided to try my hand at hybridising *Lewisia*s. Why I chose *Lewisia*s I find it hard to explain, for they are far from being my favourite flowers, and, oddly enough, I chose, as seed parent, the species of *Lewisia* that I like the least—*L. brachycalyx*. The plant forms a low, flattish rosette of fleshy, strap-shaped leaves, among which, in May or June, appear rather large white or palest pink flowers, on stems less than an inch high. To me there is something a little sordid about the fleshy, sullen green leaves, whilst the flowers are of the flimsiest material and seem sadly lacking in substance and guts. It seemed to me, however, that if one could infuse a little colour into *brachycalyx* it might become a tolerable garden plant. I mated it with a good form of *Lewisia cotyledon*, whose flowers were apricot-pink. The artificial mating of *Lewisia*s is a nice, simple operation. When a flower has opened, the pollen-bearing anthers appear first, and can be removed quite easily. A day or two later the stigma expands and is ready to receive the fertilising pollen. I removed all buds and all flowers but two from my *L. brachycalyx* and then, having removed the anthers, I dusted the stigmas with pollen taken from *L. cotyledon*, using a camel-hair brush. Both flowers produced seeds and, in the course of time, I had a batch of over a dozen seedlings. These I grew in small pots, and in May, 1950, they started to flower.

There was no doubt about their being true hybrids, for in leaf, flower and inflorescence they were intermediate between their parents, and, incidentally, a decided improvement on their seed parent, *brachycalyx*. The leaves were flatter, more like those of *cotyledon*, and a pleasanter, lighter green. The flowers were like *brachycalyx* in shape, but instead of being carried singly, one on each short stem, they occurred in twos and threes. Above all, they inherited real colour from *L. cotyledon*. They varied slightly, some being a bright, warm rose-pink, and some pink with a wash of apricot. All had strongly marked lines of deeper colour radiating out along the petals.

The plants measure about 5 ins. across; the flowers are about 1½ in. in diameter; and often

there are as many as a dozen flowers out of a plant at one time. The most surprising thing about these hybrid *Lewisia*s is that, having first come into flower rather more than a year ago, they have been in flower continuously ever since. Not all the plants have been in flower all the time, but among the batch of about a dozen specimens, there was never a time when at least half of them were not in flower. This in an unheated greenhouse, where the temperature last winter often fell well below freezing. The flowers are apparently sterile, for not a single capsule of seed has been produced. This presents a problem. How can the plants be propagated? *Lewisia cotyledon*, quite apart from the seeds that it produces freely, is not difficult to increase by means of leaf-cuttings, which is convenient when one wants to increase any particularly good variety. But leaves taken from my hybrid have so far refused to root. I am experimenting with other methods of propagation, but if all else fails,



"THE SPECIES OF LEWISIA I LIKE LEAST": *Lewisia brachycalyx*, WITH "FLESHY, SULLEN GREEN LEAVES, WHILST THE FLOWERS (WHITE OR palest pink) ARE OF THE FLIMSIEST MATERIAL AND SEEM SADLY LACKING IN SUBSTANCE AND GUTS." BUT, CROSSED AS THE SEED PARENT WITH . . .

"fanciers." Some plant fanciers aim at flowers that are more beautiful; whilst others delight in producing extravagant size or outlandish colour. Others, again, breed for utility, or to satisfy pampered palates—more prolific potatoes, or richer and more delicious apples, pears and plums.

It's the same with fanciers in the animal world. Some breed rabbits with lop ears a foot or more long, ears which to a gardener look as though they needed staking, or pigeons with enormous frontal pouts. Most misguided—unless you happen to be a rabbit or a pigeon fancier. I could suggest far more useful attributes to breed for. Rabbits, for instance, that tasted rather more like the chicken for which they so often deputise, or pigeons whose pouts were delicate, succulent meat, instead of being all feathers and wind. How welcome, too, would be sheep with abundant clusters of kidneys, instead of the mere paltry two.

As a plant-breeder, or fancier, in a small way, I can vouch for the fascination of taking two distinct species of flower—belonging of course to the same genus—mating them, and then, having harvested the resulting seed and sown it, waiting for the flowering of the progeny. The resulting hybrid seedlings may, and often do, turn out to be desperately dull and disappointing. On the other hand, one may have produced a plant that is really worth while, something that inherits and combines fine qualities from both parents and a plant that is destined to take an honoured place in horticulture for many years to come. Quite apart from the satisfaction of having produced a beautiful flower, there is, too, the fascination and—to use an overworked word—the thrill—of having, with some assistance from the Almighty, brought about something which is entirely new, something which has never happened on this earth before. You can call your creation what you will. You can give it a fancy name—"Carnival," "Pink Pearl," "Balham Beauty"—or you can, if you wish, name it after your wife or your sweetheart. I remember, at one period of our political history, a



. . . THE APRICOT-PINK FLOWERED *Lewisia cotyledon* (AS POLLEN PARENT) WITH ITS MORE ATTRACTIVE LEAVES, SOLID AND VIVACIOUS FLOWERS, CARRIED IN GROUPS, IT PRODUCED THE SEED FOR THE ATTRACTIVE HYBRID FORM (BELOW) . . .



. . . WHICH MR. ELLIOTT HAS NAMED, IN A TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE, *Lewisia x "Phylellia"*. IT HAS INHERITED THE BEST QUALITIES OF BOTH PARENTS, HAVING THE CONCISE FORM OF *brachycalyx*, THE IMPROVED LEAF COLOUR AND FLOWER TEXTURE OF *cotyledon*, STRIPED FLOWERS OF ROSE, WITH SOMETIMES A TOUCH OF APRICOT, CARRIED ON SHORT STALKS IN GROUPS OF TWO OR THREE. IN ADDITION, IT HAS THE CHARACTER OF BEING ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY IN FLOWER.

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

the only way will be to repeat the cross on a large enough scale to give all the seed and seedlings that are required.

At the same time that I made the cross *L. brachycalyx x cotyledon*, I mated *cotyledon* with *L. rediviva*, and obtained two seedlings. They, too, are intermediate between their parents but, though interesting, are not so attractive as the *brachycalyx* cross. This spring I have made several other *Lewisia* crosses, but the work was unavoidably interrupted and, although seeds were obtained, it is too early as yet to know whether any real success will follow. The parent that would seem to be the most promising is *Lewisia tweedyi*, with its rosettes of wide, evergreen leaves, and huge blossoms of soft, rosy apricot. But so far *tweedyi* has remained coy, and has stoutly resisted all idea of arranged marriages of convenience.

I have suggested that one can name a successful new hybrid flower after one's wife or sweetheart. In the case of my *brachycalyx* hybrid I have done both. I have adapted my wife's name, Phyllis Elliott, and made of it "Phylellia," *Lewisia x "Phylellia"*, and in this I would emphasise there is no attempt at Latinisation. It's just English, wife—and sweetheart.



"THE KING OF GENTIANAS": *GENTIANA ACAULIS*, VAR. *EXCISA*. THIS PHOTOGRAPH (THE ONLY ONE ON THIS PAGE NOT TAKEN IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND) SHOWS THE TYPICAL MAJESTIC TRUMPET.



A PARTICULARLY STRIKING FORM OF *SAXIFRAGA AIZOIDES*, A LOVELY AND COMMON PLANT IN HIGH, DAMP PLACES THROUGHOUT THE ALPS AND INDEED IN GREAT BRITAIN. THIS COLOUR FORM IS IN STRONG CONTRAST WITH THAT SHOWN IN THE BOTTOM LEFT PHOTOGRAPH.



THE MOSS CAMPION, *SILENE ACAULIS*, WHOSE STALKLESS FLOWERS STUD A HARD, MOSS-LIKE GROWTH WHICH CLINGS TO THE ROCKS. OFTEN GROWN IN GARDENS, BUT SHY OF PRODUCING ITS FLOWERS IN SUCH SYBARITIC CIRCUMSTANCES.



THE EDELWEISS, *LEONTOPODIUM ALPINUM*, OR—TO GIVE IT ITS LEAST ROMANTIC NAME—THE FLANNEL FLOWER: HERE PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SUMMIT OF THE GELLIHORN, NEAR KANDERSTEG. NOT NEARLY SO RARE OR INACCESSIBLE AS POPULARLY SUPPOSED.



THE YELLOW FORM OF *SAXIFRAGA AIZOIDES* (SEE ALSO THE TOP-RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH), WHICH EARNS FOR IT ITS USUAL ENGLISH NAME OF THE YELLOW SAXIFRAGE. THE LEAVES TO THE LEFT SEEM TO BE THOSE OF A CREEPING WILLOW.



THE BRILLIANT BLUE SPARK OF *GENTIANA BAVARICA*—ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF SMALL GENTIANAS AND ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCLIMATISE SUCCESSFULLY IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LOVELY CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS: TYPICAL HIGH ALPINES PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOUR IN THEIR NATIVE SURROUNDINGS.

Although to most owners of English rock-gardens the main season of Alpine flowers is spring, the true season of those of them which are high Alpines, in their wild homes, is summer; and indeed all of those shown on this page (with the exception of the *Gentiana acaulis*) were photographed in the Bernese Oberland during an August visit. Yet, for that matter, it is not so surprising, since Spring comes so late in the mountain-tops and the budding, flowering and seeding-times of these high Alpine plants are compressed into a very few weeks between the snows of one year and the next. Perhaps this is the reason for the brilliance and generosity of their flowering—

they are desperate to attract insects and set seed; and so conversely the cause of their turning morose, lazy and flowerless when transplanted to the plains—who would labour to charm, when assured of a living? The Moss Campion is particularly prone to this kind of behaviour; although, in the writer's observation, it is not so much the snow and cold of the mountain-tops it misses in gardens, as the wind, since a plant in a promenade garden on the north-east coast, exposed to gales of wind but rarely experiencing frost and hardly ever snow, flowered with all the prodigality and non-stop enthusiasm of its mountain ancestors.

Reproduced from colour photographs by D. N. Paton, M.A.



THE COLONEL OF THE GRENAДИER GUARDS: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth is Colonel of The Grenadier Guards, and in the absence of his Majesty she took the salute at the King's Birthday Parade of the Brigade of Guards and the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 7. For this great military occasion, at which she—a young and beautiful woman—was the central figure, the Princess appeared in a uniform which roused general admiration. It consisted of a scarlet tunic and a dark-blue habit skirt and a black tricorn hat with a tall, white plume at the left side, fastened by a grenade, the copy of a hat

worn by a Colonel of The Grenadiers in 1745. The Blue Ribbon of the Garter was worn across the tunic, and her Royal Highness's decorations were the Crown of India, and the Defence, War, Jubilee and Coronation medals. She is an accomplished horsewoman and sat her handsome, well-mannered chestnut Winston with dignity and grace throughout the lengthy ceremony at which she took the Sovereign's salute. On returning to Buckingham Palace she took the salute at the march-past.



BEARING A REPRESENTATION OF THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS: THE OBVERSE OF A GEM-SET DEVOTIONAL PENDANT IN GOLD AND ENAMEL, SOUTH GERMAN, THIRD QUARTER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (FACSIMILE SIZE.)



ADORNED WITH A BEAUTIFUL NATIVITY IN RED, GREEN AND BLUE ENAMEL ON GOLD, THE SHEPHERDS MARVELLING AT THE STAR IN THE BACKGROUND: THE REVERSE OF THE EPIPHANY PENDANT. (FACSIMILE SIZE.)



A SOUTH GERMAN OR ITALIAN DEVOTIONAL PENDANT, 3RD QUARTER OF THE 16TH CENTURY, THE OBVERSE WITH THE ANNUNCIATION, THE REVERSE (BELOW) WITH A FORMAL DESIGN. (FACSIMILE SIZE.)



ENLARGED IN ORDER TO SHOW THE VIGOUR AND BEAUTY OF THE MODELLING OF THE FIGURES, SET IN HIGH RELIEF IN A NICHE BETWEEN PILLARS: THE SOUTH GERMAN PENDANT, BEARING THE EPIPHANY ON THE OBVERSE.

RELIQUARY or devotional pendants were first made in mediæval times in monastic workshops for the service of the Church, and later such jewels were carried out by goldsmiths for royal and noble patrons. The examples which we reproduce date from the third quarter of the sixteenth century. The South German jewel with a representation of the Adoration of the Kings is of outstanding beauty. The figures, modelled in high relief, are enamelled and set in a jewelled architectural frame. The Holy Spirit as a Dove hovers above the group, and God the Father is represented at the apex of the jewel. The beautiful Nativity in red, green and blue enamel on gold on the reverse, with the Shepherds marvelling at the Star in the background, is most unusual. The smaller jewel, either Italian or South German, is of the same date. It bears the Annunciation on the obverse, the Virgin in a niche, with the pot of lilies beside her.

SUPERB 16TH-CENTURY WORKMANSHIP: RENAISSANCE DEVOTIONAL PENDANTS.

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE QUEEREST RODENT: THE CAPYBARA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN South America lives the largest and the queerest rodent, probably the queerest in the world. To all appearances it is a pig. It is large, up to 4 ft. long and 2 ft. high. It is edible. Some writers disagree on this last point, but the majority opinion is that its flesh is as palatable as that of any domesticated hog. This does not end the catalogue of its odd characters, for the capybara (*Hydrocærus hydrocæris*) has webbed feet, long, coarse hair that hangs down over the body, very small ears and no tail. Altogether, in appearance, it is most unlike our usual idea of a rodent, yet one of its nearest relatives is the guinea-pig—another undoubted rodent that contrives to hide its relationship with rats and mice. Perhaps the oddest thing of all about the capybara is that the claws on the front feet are almost hoof-like, a character that heightens the resemblance to a "water-hog."

To give an account of the habits and behaviour of the capybara means piecing together a number of incomplete accounts and then, to some extent, reading between the lines. Although so large, and a well-grown beast may weigh nearly a hundred-weight, it is comparatively unknown. We know that it is aquatic, as the webbed feet must inevitably suggest, and that it feeds on vegetation, both on land and, possibly, in the water. So far as we can tell, it clings to the margins of lakes and rivers, hiding in dense vegetation and taking readily to the water when alarmed. It is a powerful swimmer and a capable diver, and is able to remain submerged for anything up to ten minutes. When alarmed it will remain below water until forced up for breath, and even then will push no more than the tip of its nose out of the water to take in air. Since, in addition, it is most active at night, and keeps to wild country, we should expect

anatomy. Yet in 200 years our knowledge of its habits hardly exceeds the details given in the preceding paragraphs. Or, if more is known, it has not been put on record. There are some other scraps of information; that the period of gestation is up to 126 days in *Hydrocærus hydrocæris*, and up to 110 days in the second species of capybara (*Hydrocærus isthmus*) that extends up into Central America. And doubtless other details are known from animals that have been kept in zoos, though, on the whole, information derived

abundant in that area, and that, according to the natives, who called it "poncho," it had been there all the time. It is not usual to think of the Panama Canal zone as being remote from civilisation, but the capybara had managed successfully to elude close observation by zoologists.

The queer mixture of external features found in the capybara, the secretiveness of its habits and our consequent relative ignorance of the animal do not exhaust its claims on our attention. Cuvier long ago noted that it had a pair of gnawing incisors in both upper and lower jaws, the hall-mark of the rodent.

He also noted the molars, "four on each side of the jaw . . . made up of numerous plates," and was led thereby to suggest an affinity between the capybara and the elephant. Even in 1881, we find that a contributor to the *National Encyclopædia* can regard this as "a view which enjoys the sanction of the best comparative anatomists." To-day "the best comparative anatomists" would hardly hesitate to include the capybara in the order Rodentia, even though its molars may bear a superficial resemblance to those of the elephants, and even though its claws have a near-affinity to the hoofs of the ungulates. And even though it is such a giant compared with the general run of rodents. The gnawing incisors must be accepted as the family character, and the capybara must be included among the rodents, even though it is an unusual, or aberrant, member of that family. At least, if we discount size, there is a clear link between it and the guinea-pig, and it is more easily possible to accept the guinea-pig as a true rodent.

The capybara is an oddity, but is not an exception. It is only one of the many thousands of animals that do not fit easily in any scheme of classification, and make the zoologists' studies at once fascinating—and infinitely perplexing. Looking at its skull alone, it is difficult to believe it is more than distantly related to rats and mice. One is tempted to speculate on what would have happened if the animal had become extinct and all we knew of it was based on a skull with the front part, including the incisors, missing. This is the sort of thing the palæontologist often has to contend with. There can be little doubt that the heavy build of the cranium and the peculiar structure of the molars would, at first, have been puzzling.



THE LARGEST RODENT AND ONE OF NATURE'S ODDITIES: THE CAPYBARA OF SOUTH AMERICA WHICH HAS A PIG-LIKE BUILD, SLIGHTLY WEBBED FEET AND HOOF-LIKE CLAWS. Photograph by Neave Parker.

from captive animals is unreliable unless it is complementary to that obtained from observation under natural conditions.

Perhaps the history of recent observations made on *H. isthmus* in recent years will best serve to underline our comparative ignorance of the beast. In 1947 one of this species was seen in the

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SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC RODENT INCISORS IN FRONT AND THE FOUR PECULIAR MOLARS ON EACH SIDE: THE LOWER JAW OF A CAPYBARA SEEN FROM ABOVE.

Cuvier described the peculiar molars of the capybara as being like those of an elephant. The purpose of such molars in these animals is for the mastication of large quantities of fibrous vegetation.

Lower photographs by Maurice G. Sawyers. Reproduced by permission, of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

that it has come little under the observation of the field naturalist. Jaguars know it well, and are its main enemy, and so do the native hunters, who appear to find this particular rodent-flesh very much to their liking.

Capybaras are inoffensive. By this is meant that, in terms of a well-worn cliché, they are too fat to fight and almost too fat to run away, for on land they tend to be unwieldy, almost dragging the well-rounded belly on the ground. The inoffensiveness goes farther than this, however. If gregariousness is any criterion of a friendly disposition in a species, then they are friendly. They have also been seen, where human settlement encroaches on their territory, to graze in company with domestic cattle. And they are easily kept in captivity.

The more one delves into natural history, the more one realises how vast is the number of animals about which we know little more than what they look like. Even some of those living almost on our doorstep come within this category. Certainly the capybara belongs to it. The animal was known to the English naturalist Pennant (1726-1798) and to the French naturalist Cuvier (1769-1832), often referred to as the founder of the science of comparative

Panama Canal zone of Central America. It was killed and eaten, only its skull being saved, which was sent to the U.S. National Museum in Washington, D.C. Care was taken that its companion, seen feeding with it at the time, should remain unmolested in the hope that the species might become established in that area. Speculation arose as to whether the species was extending its range northwards, taking advantage of the lakes and waterways created when the Canal was made. It became clear, subsequently, from notes published in 1949, that the animal was quite



A SKULL OF THE LARGEST RODENT AND THAT OF ONE OF THE SMALLEST AND MOST FAMILIAR FOR COMPARISON: THE CAPYBARA AND (BELOW) THE HOUSE-MOUSE.

By contrast with the skulls of the smaller and better-known rodents that of the capybara has an unusually heavy build, and apart from the characteristic incisors bears little apparent resemblance to them.

Judging from experience, however, it is fairly certain that, by comparing it with a long range of skulls of various kinds, somebody would sooner or later have recognised it as a rodent skull, and would have prophesied that when a complete skull was eventually found it would be seen to have long, chisel-like incisors. Such things have been done before!

A WORLD PROBLEM WHICH THE PERSIAN OIL CRISIS HAS MADE EVEN MORE URGENT: THE SOURCES

In 1913, the world demand for petroleum products was 1,500,000 barrels per day—or roughly 214,000 metric tons. In 1947, this demand rose to its highest figure ever—not excluding the war years—of 7,800,000 barrels per day, or 1,110,000 metric tons. The estimated world demand for 1951 is approximately 4,000,000 barrels—or 570,000,000 metric tons. Unless some revolutionary use of atomic energy on a really large scale intervenes, this demand for petroleum appears likely to continue to grow. At present there

are four main sources of energy: coal, petroleum, natural gas and water-power. In 1913, coal supplied 90 per cent. of the world's energy; petrol, 6 per cent.; and the remainder, 4 per cent. By 1939, coal had dropped to 66 per cent.; and in 1946 and 1947, coal was supplying less than 60 per cent.; oil and natural gas, 30 per cent.; and water 10 per cent. Oil is found in many parts of the world, but there are four main sources: the Caribbean basin, which includes the oil-fields of North and South America; the Eastern Mediterranean

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE

OF OIL TO MEET AN EVER-INCREASING WORLD DEMAND—PRODUCTION AND REFINING CAPACITIES.

basin, including Persia, Irak, Arabia, Bahrain and Kuwait and the Caucasus; the Far Eastern basin, which largely went out of production during the war; and the North Polar basin, which is undeveloped. The Caribbean basin largely meets the requirements of the Western Hemisphere and the Far East. European and Russian needs, which are very great; accordingly are concentrated on the Middle East basin, which is the centre of intense political and economic jealousy, competition and

pressure; and since it supplies a relatively small but densely populated and highly industrialised area, any breakdown in its supplies is bound to have the most far-reaching effects. The North Polar basin, it is thought, will in time be available to supply both Canada and Russia; and it will be recalled that in our issue of February 24 this year, we drew attention to the pilot plant which is beginning to exploit the immense resources of the "tar sands" of the Athabaska River in Northern Canada.

CO-OPERATION OF SHELL-MEX AND B.P., LTD., AND ESSO, LTD.

The World of the Cinema.

FROM DENMARK TO LAVENDER HILL.

By ALAN DENT.

HOW pleasant to be an actor—especially an actor with anything like the versatility of Alec Guinness! All he has to do—if his play should fail—is to go off and make a successful film. And then—so

capital character-comedian he is! And how beautifully he differentiates between the eccentrics in the

depravity." Recently he has been turning out a batch of miniature Eiffel Towers for sale in Paris, and the sight of one of these gives Mr. Holland his first notion for his Scheme.

For Mr. Holland, behind those meek glasses and those many years of deference, has a secret ambition, just one. He secretly longs to be fabulously rich, to be a potentate—for soever short a time, to be Genghis Khan and Croesus rolled into one. Prompted by this deeply suppressed longing, he has more than once madly thought of stealing a consignment of the bullion daily entrusted to his care. But he is kept on the path of his prim rectitude by the knowledge that gold bullion cannot possibly be disposed of unless it is smuggled abroad. The Eiffel Towerlet gives him his notion, and the rest—the rush to the precipice—follows with a rapid momentum. Pendlebury and Holland will co-operate. Holland (with the aid of a couple of hired thugs, amusingly played by Sydney James and Alfie Bass) will steal a rich day's bullion amounting to a cool million, the coolest possible million. Pendlebury will convert the solid gold into seemingly trashy Eiffel Towerlets. And thus the whole consignment can, without insuperable difficulty, be shipped to France.

A million pounds'-worth of gewgaws successfully passes through both Dover and Calais. And, but for a stall-keeper at the actual Eiffel Tower accidentally selling a few miniatures to a few English schoolgirls, all would have been well—or so this film and its director, the admirable Charles Crichton, cajoles us into believing. The mood of outrageous farce is well, though not quite perfectly, sustained; for it has to be admitted that there are bumps in the film's final stages, though the concluding chase is exhilarating.

But Mr. Holland's satisfied smile—the satisfaction being that of the crime carried through all but successfully—beams over this picture like a rising moon over a landscape. It is a cheek-creasing smile, quite



AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL THEFT: HOLLAND (ALEC GUINNESS) AND PENDLEBURY (STANLEY HOLLOWAY) RETURN TO THE FACTORY TO GUARD THE BULLION AGAINST BURGLARS—A SCENE FROM "THE LAVENDER HILL MOB."

to speak—from his triumphant swings he can snap his fingers at the dismal roundabouts he has left behind him for the nonce.

Such an actor has no time to brood, or to go into dudgeon, high or low. A hundred years ago he would have abundant time. He would, like the great Macready, keep a Diary and make such an entry as this: "To what end is thought or care, when next morning we read notices of our labours by the ignorant and incompetent?"

As the years go on Mr. Guinness's Hamlet will no doubt be seen again and again, in less unhappy settings. Meanwhile let this distinguished player, who as yet is only thirty-seven, note that the great Macready also had his offsets and his setbacks even in this, one of his most distinguished rôles. Let me remind our latest Hamlet of the terrible thing that happened to Macready at Edinburgh on the eve of his fifty-third birthday:

Acted Hamlet really with particular care, energy, and discrimination; the audience gave less applause to the first soliloquy than I am in the habit of receiving, but I was bent on acting the part, and I felt, if I can feel at all, that I had strongly excited them, and that their sympathies were cordially, indeed enthusiastically, with me. On reviewing the performance I can conscientiously pronounce it one of the very best I have given of Hamlet. At the waving of the handkerchief before the play, and "I must be idle," a man on the right side of the stage—upper boxes or gallery—hissed! The audience took it up, and I waved the more, and bowed derisively and contemptuously to the individual. The audience carried it, though he was very staunch to his purpose.

The hisser was soon afterwards identified as Macready's malignant and unmannerly rival, the American tragedian, Edwin Forrest. I stress the incident because the behaviour of Forrest may be compared to the behaviour of London's dramatic critics on the recent occasion of Mr. Guinness's Hamlet. But, as on the occasion of a century ago, "the audience carried it." And Mr. Guinness's Hamlet may truthfully be said to have been received with general if not with critical enthusiasm. It is abundantly clear from letters to the Press and to Pressmen that this was a Hamlet particularly favoured by lady-novelists and poetesses.

Mr. Guinness's Mr. Holland in the film called "The Lavender Hill Mob" will, on the other hand, be a particular favourite with the whole world-wide mob, uncritical or otherwise. What a

little gallery he has already painted for us! He is this time a plain, small, owlshly-bespectacled bank-messenger. He has been so for twenty years, a man compact of self-deprecation, a man so unambitious that he is positively dismayed when he is offered a better job than that of sitting in a van guarding gold bullion, a man as safe as the Bank itself.

Genteel as his pointed shoes, he inhabits the genteelst possible hotel in Lavender Hill, the kind of little hotel of which Miss Edie Martin is the cautious proprietress and in which Miss Marjorie Fielding can be a severe, intensely English inmate with a liking for the goriest possible American thrillers. To this hotel arrives one day a grandiose personage (Mr. Stanley Holloway) who is a keepsake-merchant in public and a sculptor in private. He is quite as much like a good Arnold Bennett character as Mr. Holland is like a good H. G. Wells character. And how both those authors would have relished this film!

This Mr. Pendlebury manufactures what he calls "A Present From ——" articles, ceramic reproductions of Shakespeare's sweetheart's cottage, and other what-nots for the whatnot. He has a contempt for his trade, styles his business "Gewgaws, Ltd.," and says, in his blandly pompous way, that he "propagates British cultural



"AS MUCH LIKE A GOOD ARNOLD BENNETT CHARACTER AS MR. HOLLAND IS LIKE A GOOD H. G. WELLS CHARACTER": MR. PENDLEBURY (STANLEY HOLLOWAY), A KEEPSAKE-MERCHANT IN PUBLIC AND A SCULPTOR IN PRIVATE, WITH MR. HOLLAND (ALEC GUINNESS), A PLAIN, SMALL, OWLISHLY-BESPECTACLED BANK-MESSENGER.

On this page, Mr. Dent reviews the Michael Balcon production "The Lavender Hill Mob" (presented by Ealing Studios), in which Stanley Holloway and Alec Guinness steal some gold bars and smuggle them out of the country in the form of models of the Eiffel Tower. These are sold to English schoolgirls by a stall-keeper and the gold returns to England!

deliciously smug. And the sternest among us can hardly grudge Mr. Holland his little hour—it is only a very little hour—dispensing princely tips in a luxury hotel in South America. It is readily allowed that Mr. Guinness fulfils the rascal joyously, masterfully.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with. Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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WELL-LOVED OPERAS AT THE SAVOY: THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SEASON.



"THE MIKADO": MR. DARRELL FANCOURT IN THE TITLE-RÔLE, WITH (RIGHT) MISS ELLA HALMAN AS KATISHA, IN THE SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE SAVOY REVIVAL.



"THE GONDOLIERS," DUE TO BE GIVEN ON JULY 19, 20, 25, 30, AND AS A MATINÉE ON JULY 25: THE FIRST ACT OF THE OPERA, WHICH IS TO BE BROADCAST ON JULY 25.



"RUDDIGORE," WHICH IS BEING GIVEN ON JULY 23 AND 24: THE SCENE IN ACT II, WITH PART OF THE CHORUS OF THE ANCESTORS OF THE BOLD BAD BARONET.



"RUDDIGORE": A FURTHER SELECTION OF THE ANCESTORS OF THE BOLD BAD BARONET. THEY REPRESENT HIS FORBEARS OF THE 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.



"H.M.S. PINAFORE," ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE WELL-LOVED GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS: IT IS DUE FOR PERFORMANCES ON JULY 26 AND 27 IN A DOUBLE BILL WITH "COX AND BOX."



"TRIAL BY JURY," WHICH IS BEING GIVEN IN THE PRESENT SAVOY SEASON TWICE DURING THE LAST WEEK, ON AUGUST 2 AND 3 IN A DOUBLE BILL WITH "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

No Festival Year arrangements in London would have been complete without a long season of Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, for these masterpieces of homely gaiety and essentially national British humour, with their succession of easily-remembered tunes and their popular appeal, are among the Londoners' favourite entertainments, and have no doubt proved equally enjoyable to visitors. This year, Bridget D'Oyly Carte's season was at the Savoy—not at Sadler's Wells. It opened early in May and is due to continue until August 4, when the last performance is scheduled to take place. Sir Malcolm Sargent renewed an old association with Gilbert and Sullivan by acting as musical director for the season,

and conducting alternately with Mr. Isidore Godfrey. The company includes Mr. Darrell Fancourt, famous for his performance in the title rôle of "The Mikado"; Mr. Martyn Green, Mr. Neville Griffiths, Mr. Richard Watson, Miss Ella Halman, Miss Joan Gillingham and Miss Margaret Mitchell, and a large number of the most popular of the light operas have been given. Our photograph of a scene from "Trial by Jury" shows (from left to right) Mr. Radley Flynn as the Usher, Mr. Leonard Osborn as the Defendant, Miss Enid Walsh as the Plaintiff, Mr. Alan Styler as Counsel for the Plaintiff, and Mr. Richard Watson as the Learned Judge. The first act of "The Gondoliers" is to be broadcast on July 25.

AN AVIATION RECORD AND ITEMS OF VARIOUS NEWS FROM MANY SOURCES.



THE AIRCRAFT THAT REACHED 1500 MILES PER HOUR: THE ROCKET-PROPELLED DOUGLAS SKYROCKET, CARRIED UNDER THE FUSELAGE OF A SUPERFORTRESS. IT WAS PILOTED BY MR. BILL BRIDGEMAN AND WAS LAUNCHED FROM THE PARENT BOMBER AT 35,000 FT., LANDING AT MUROC



JULIET'S BED RECEIVES A STUDENT'S HOMAGE IN MANTUA. A STUDENTS' FEUD BETWEEN VERONA AND VICENZA, WHICH INVOLVED THE THEFT OF ARMOUR AND JULIET'S BED, WAS RECENTLY SETTLED BY THE INTERVENTION OF NEUTRAL MANTUA AND THE RELICS WERE RETURNED.



A SMALL BRONZE JAR OF THE LATE BRONZE AGE EXCAVATED IN ATHENS IN A MYCENEAN TOMB. Excavations of the American School of Classical Studies in the Agora at Athens recently unearthed a small bronze jar of the Late Bronze Age, described as the finest of its kind yet found in Athens. It is claimed that it establishes a higher degree of culture at Athens than was believed to be the case at that time.



A CURRENT DISPLAY IN THE OPEN-AIR ARENA IN THE FESTIVAL GARDENS. WHILE HIS PARTNERS HANG BY THEIR TEETH FROM THE TRAPEZES, THE LEADER RIDES A MOTOR-CYCLE ROUND THE ALREADY REVOLVING WHEEL, IN MID-AIR.



A CARVED WOOD MADONNA, WITH A GOLD AND JEWELLED CROWN, SHOWN IN A FESTIVAL EXHIBITION. On July 6, an exhibition of Church plate and vestments, arranged by the Festival of Britain Catholic Committee, was opened in Westminster Cathedral Hall. It will be open daily until July 21. The exhibits are mostly drawn from Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral, London churches and Buckfast Abbey.



TO BE REBUILT AND ENLARGED: THE SHELL OF QUEEN'S HALL, AS IT IS TO-DAY. IT WAS DESTROYED BY ENEMY ACTION IN MAY, 1941. On June 26, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in the Commons that Queen's Hall is to be rebuilt as a national concert hall and music centre, incorporating a memorial to Sir Henry Wood. It is proposed to take in the adjoining St. George's Hall site and make two halls, one holding 3500-4500, the other about 1100.



A MAGNIFICENT BRONZE LEOPARD, ONE OF A PAIR, RECENTLY LENT TO THE COLONIAL ART EXHIBITION, NOW AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. FROM BENIN. This bronze leopard of Benin work, one of a pair lent by M. Louis Carré to the magnificent exhibition organised by the Colonial Office and now at the Imperial Institute, is an almost exact replica in a different medium of the ivory leopard, with copper studs to represent the spots (also from Benin), which has been lent to the exhibition by H.M. the King.



(ABOVE.) THE OPENING OF THE LARGEST NON-GOVERNMENTAL, NON-POLITICAL INTERNATIONAL GATHERING EVER HELD IN LONDON: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER SPEAKING TO 2600 DELEGATES AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING CONFERENCE AT CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER.

THE programme of the International Advertising Conference in London—which is being attended by about 2600 delegates from thirty-eight different countries—opened on July 7 with a reception at the Dorchester Hotel, but its formal opening took place on July 9 at Central Hall, Westminster, when the opening ceremony was performed by the Duke of Gloucester, who is the Patron of the Conference. His Royal Highness in his speech spoke of the necessity for a free world and said: "One of the ways in which that can be done is the creation of wider and easier transmission of ideas across all frontiers. This is the task which you are eminently qualified to undertake." The chairman, Lord Macintosh of Halifax, pointed out that advertising was born out of free enterprise; and Sir Frank Soskice said that advertising played a large part in international trade and international understanding, both of which were essential to our national existence.



WELCOMING THE DELEGATES FROM MANY COUNTRIES TO THE ADVERTISING CONFERENCE IN LONDON: SIR FRANK SOSKICE, THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, WHO WAS DEPUTISING FOR SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

LONDON'S LARGEST NON-POLITICAL INTERNATIONAL GATHERING: THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING CONFERENCE.

CONTROLLING THE PESTS WHICH ROB OUR CROPS: SPRAYING AND DUSTING DEMONSTRATIONS.



(ABOVE.) A DEMONSTRATION DURING A RECENT INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE AT FERNHURST: CROP-SPRAYING BY DRAKE AND FLETCHER'S "DUST-EJECTA" POWDER DISTRIBUTOR.



ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR PEST CONTROL IN ORCHARDS: A TRACTOR-DRAWN HIGH-VOLUME SPRAYER EXHIBITED BY DRAKE AND FLETCHER, LTD., OF MAIDSTONE.



DISCUSSING AN "ALLMAN MIDGET" CROP-SPRAYER: DR. ROBSON, OF PLANT PROTECTION LTD. (LEFT), WITH PROFESSOR VAN SLOGTEREN, OF LISSE, HOLLAND.



FOR SPRAYING A WIDE SWATH: A LARGE COMBINED HIGH- AND LOW-VOLUME SPRAYER, DEMONSTRATED BY KENT ENGINEERING AND FOUNDRY, LTD.



MODERN METHODS FOR PRIMITIVE PLACES: DEMONSTRATING A SMALL COTTON-SPRAYING APPARATUS, MOUNTED ON CAMEL-BACK TO DEMONSTRATE ITS VERSATILITY.

June 25 saw the opening of an international agricultural conference organised by Plant Protection, Ltd. It was attended by scientists from thirty-nine countries, and after the inaugural luncheon at the Dorchester Hotel was staged at Fernhurst, near Haslemere. At the luncheon several speakers, including Sir John Anderson, Lord Bruce of Melbourne, Lord Listowel and Mr. Anthony Hurd, M.P., stressed the part that science must play in aiding



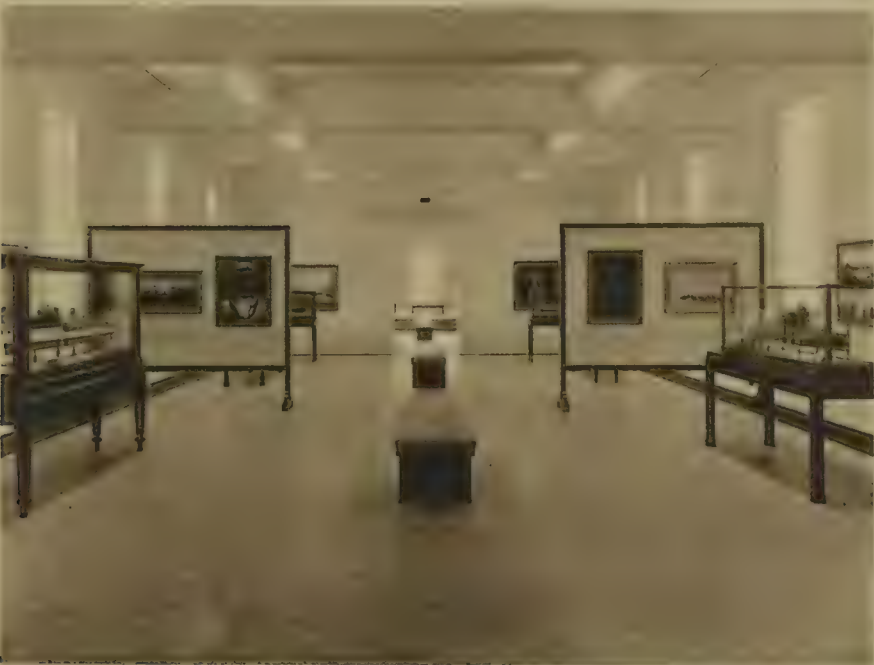
THE PRINCIPLE'S THE SAME WHATEVER THE TRACTION: A SMALL POWER-DRIVEN DUST SPRAYER MOUNTED ON THE PROVERBIAL PATIENT DONKEY'S BACK.

farmers of all kinds to meet the world's increasing demands for the fruits of husbandry. The pests of agriculture, whether they were weeds or insects or fungoid infections, took an immense toll of vitally needed crops; but new methods of control, both mechanical and chemical, were constantly being developed. On this page we show some of the means whereby chemicals of all kinds, whether in dust or liquid form, can be economically and effectively dispersed among all crops.

NEW GALLERIES AT THE MARITIME MUSEUM.



ON HER WAY TO OPEN THE EAST WING OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM: PRINCESS ELIZABETH PASSING THROUGH THE COLONNADE.



IN THE RECENTLY OPENED EAST WING OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM: A GALLERY DEVOTED TO THE NAVAL HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II.



WITH MR. FRANK G. G. CARR, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM: PRINCESS ELIZABETH EXAMINING A MODEL OF A SUBMARINE AFTER SHE HAD OPENED THE CAIRD GALLERIES.

On July 3, her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth visited Greenwich to open the east wing of the National Maritime Museum. The Caird Galleries were just completed in 1939 when war broke out, and they were requisitioned by the Admiralty and it was not until last year that it became possible to have them redecorated and now opened to the public, with the aid of a further gift from Sir James Caird, as an integral part of the Museum. On her way to the ceremony, Princess Elizabeth passed between cadets from H.M.S. *Worcester* and boys from the Holbrook Naval School, and in her speech she said: "The story of our greatness at sea is brought up to date in the new galleries, and the past is now linked to the present. And what a magnificent story it is. It is surely one which will keep alive in our hearts the very qualities that give it greatness."

REUTERS' CENTENARY: TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

A hundred years ago, Julius Reuter founded, in two small rooms in the Royal Exchange, the news agency now world famous as Reuters. The centenary is being celebrated from July 9 to 16 by the staff of 500 at Reuters' London headquarters at 85, Fleet Street, and it was expected that more than 1000 guests would attend the centenary banquet arranged for July 11. In October 1941, the ownership of Reuters passed into the hands of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the Press Association, who stated in a legal document that they would regard their ownership of Reuters as in the nature of a trust rather than an investment, and pledged themselves that Reuters should at no time pass into the hands of any one interest, group or faction. The story of Reuters is told in a recently-published book, "Reuters' Century," by Graham Storey and the centenary is being featured in broadcasting and television.



DESIGNED TO HOUSE REUTERS AND THE PRESS ASSOCIATION: LUTYENS' BUILDING IN FLEET STREET WITH ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.



THE FOUNDER OF A WORLD-FAMOUS NEWS AGENCY WHICH CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY THIS YEAR: JULIUS REUTER AT FIFTY-THREE, PAINTED BY RUDOLF LEHMANN.

WINCHESTER'S GLORIOUS PAST IN AN EXHIBITION OF HISTORIC RECORDS.



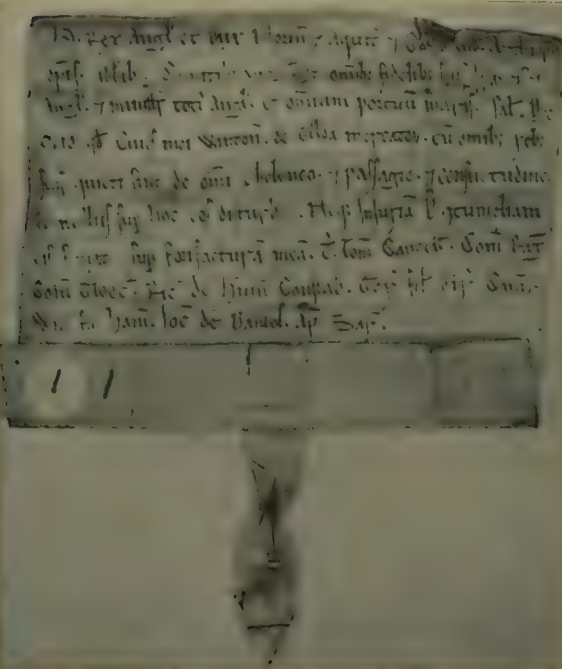
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SECOND CHARTER TO THE CITY OF WINCHESTER (1587-88), SHOWING A HEADING WITH BORDER AND INSET PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN. (From the City Archives.)



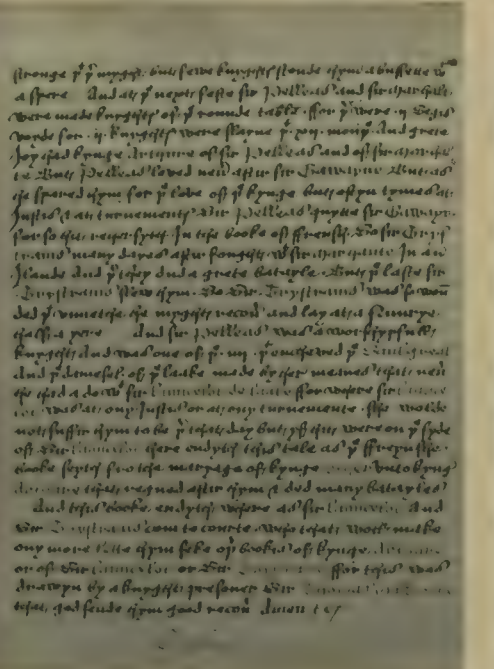
AN ILLUMINATION FROM THE MAGNIFICENT WINCHESTER ILLUMINATED BIBLE: IT IS DATED AT 1160-80 AND IS BY AT LEAST SIX MASTER HANDS. (From Winchester Cathedral Library.)



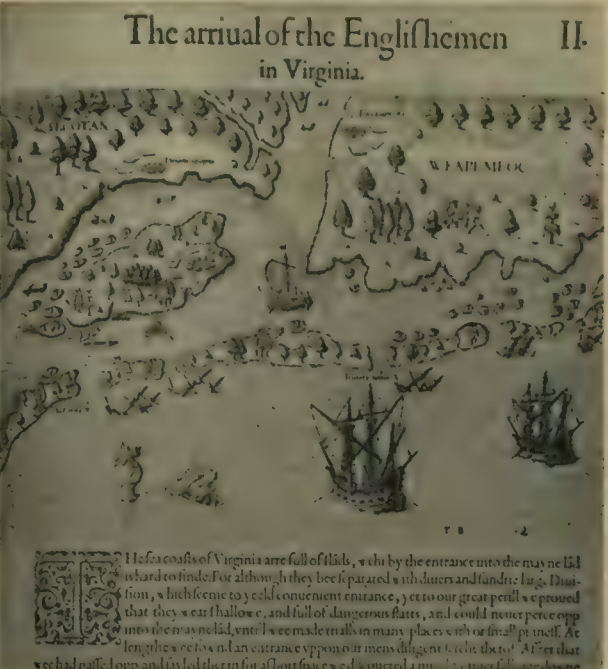
CONTAINING A FINE PORTRAIT OF THE KING: A DETAIL OF THE CHARTER OF CHARLES II. OF MARCH 1673-4. THE PORTRAIT IS COMPARED WITH THE GUILDHALL PORTRAIT BY LELEY. (From the City Archives.)



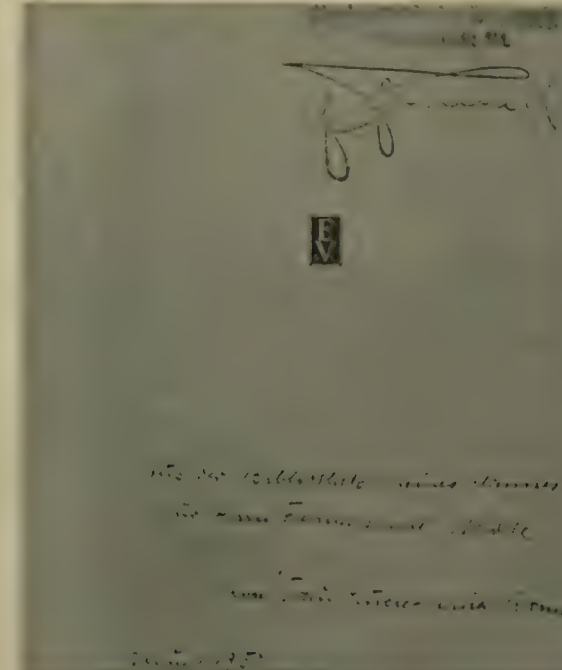
WINCHESTER'S EARLIEST SURVIVING CHARTER: GIVEN AT SALISBURY BY HENRY II. IN EITHER 1155 OR 1158. A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF HENRY II.'S EARLY CHARTERS. (From the City Archives.)



A PAGE OF THE FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT OF MALORY'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR," PROBABLY MADE IN THE 1470'S FOR A WINCHESTER LIBRARY. (From the Fellows' Library, Winchester College.)



"THE ENGLISH LANDING IN VIRGINIA"—AN ILLUSTRATION FROM HARIOT'S "A BRIEF AND TRUE REPORT OF THE NEW FOUND LAND OF VIRGINIA." (1590.) (From the Fellows' Library, Winchester College.)



ROMMEL'S SIGNATURE (TOP, RIGHT) IN A GERMAN TRANSLATION OF LORD WAVELL'S BOOK ON GENERALSHIP, GIVEN TO LORD WAVELL BY ROMMEL'S WIDOW. (Lent by Earl Wavell.)



A PAGE FROM A MADRIGAL BOOK IN MS. OF 1564-66, WHICH PROBABLY BELONGED TO QUEEN ELIZABETH. THE BINDING BEARS THE TUDOR ARMS AND ROYAL CROWN. (From the Fellows' Library, Winchester College.)

On this page we show a few examples of the magnificent exhibition of books, charters and manuscripts opened in the Guildhall at Winchester on July 4, and which is to remain open until July 14. The exhibits in all number 149 and are divided into various sections: City charters, dating from the twelfth century; exhibits relating to mediæval Winchester and St. Cross; those relating to monastic Winchester; St. Mary's College; mediæval manuscripts; items of Tudor Winchester; those relating to the Cathedral in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; to Winchester in the seventeenth century; Royal autographs and books; prayer books and the like; Winchester in the eighteenth century, and the literature of that century; Americana; maps and plans; the Wavells in Winchester; and a miscellaneous group, including seals and rings. As can be seen from our selection of illustrations, the quality of the exhibits is of the highest and of very great interest from the point of view of history and literature, not only of Winchester, but of this country.

BEAUTY AND RARITY IN OLD MASTER PAINTINGS: WORKS FROM AN INTERESTING CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"LANDSCAPE WITH SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS PIPING": BY CLAUDE GELEE, CALLED LORRAIN (1600-1682). FORMERLY IN LORD NORTHWICK'S COLLECTION. PANEL. (10½ by 20½ ins.)



"ADAM AND EVE WITH THE INFANTS CAIN AND ABEL": BY JACOPO CHIMENTI, CALLED JACOPO DA EMPOLI (1551-1640). PANEL. (38½ by 29½ ins.)

THE current exhibition of paintings by Old Masters at the galleries of P. and D. Colnaghi, in Old Bond Street, include some interesting paintings by rare masters. The fine group, "Leda and Her Family (?)" is by Toussaint Dubreuil, a painter and decorator who received a large number of important commissions during the reign of Henry IV., and is regarded as a typical representative of the second Fontainebleau School, which was re-formed under Henry IV. after the wars of religion had ended. Works by Dubreuil are very rare, and it may be recalled that the companion piece to his Leda, "Medor and Angelica," roused much interest when shown at the "Landscape in French Art" Exhibition at the Royal Academy. It was subsequently presented to the Louvre. Jacopo Chimenti, called Jacopo da Empoli, was a pupil of Tomaso Manzuoli da San Friano, and was influenced by Pontormo.

(RIGHT.)

"LEDA AND HER FAMILY (?)": BY TOUSSAINT DUBREUIL (1516-1602), A COMPANION PIECE TO "MEDOR AND ANGELICA" LENT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY "LANDSCAPE IN ART" EXHIBITION, 1949-50, AND LATER PRESENTED TO THE LOUVRE. CANVAS. (56½ by 78½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL": ENGLISH SCHOOL, LATE 18TH CENTURY. INFLUENCED BY GAINSBOROUGH AND REYNOLDS. CANVAS. (20½ by 16½ ins.)



"PROFESSOR ANTON ÆMILIANUS OF UTRECHT" (1589-1660): BY CORNELIUS JONSON (1593-1664). SIGNED IN FULL. CANVAS. (44½ by 35½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN": BY FRANZ DE VRIENT, CALLED FRANZ FLORIS (1516-1570), WHO, UNTIL THE AGE OF TWENTY, WORKED AS A SCULPTOR. PANEL. (18½ by 13½ ins.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FACTS—INTERPRETED WITH IMAGINATION.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE are two kinds of good books about art—those that provide facts and those that not only provide facts but interpret them with imagination. Quite a number of people consider that a book about painting and painters should consist of photograph after photograph and a series of detailed notes. They require a collection of documents and dates, and nothing more. If pressed further, they will assert that men who write well don't know enough and men who know enough can't write. It is a dreary theory of the universe, with just enough specious truth in it to be attractive, especially to those who are too lazy to write lucidly or to acquire knowledge.

Here in "Piero della Francesca," by Sir Kenneth Clark, is a handsome, indeed a beautiful volume, nobly planned, with adequate margins, large type and 219 illustrations, and it belongs very decidedly to my second category. It is accurate, factual, shrewd, ingenious and imaginative—moreover, it is graced by certain felicities of phrasing which stay long in the memory. Sir Kenneth Clark makes a habit of expressing quite difficult abstract conceptions in mellifluous sentences composed of simple words. He does not envelop himself in a verbal fog as ideas come into his head; his style is a reflexion of a well-ordered mind. I like this, for example, which I quote from a book published two or three years ago, "Landscape into Art," which continues to give me and many others wonderfully agreeable moments: "Facts become art through love, which unifies them and lifts them to a higher plane of reality; and, in landscape, this all-embracing love is expressed by light." These and similar crystalline phrases are not easy to forget; add to this the faculty of clarity, formidable erudition and a fastidious eye, and no man of our time is better qualified to discuss so great a painter, at once robust and delicate, as Piero della Francesca.

To most of us in this country Piero is known only by three pictures, all in the National Gallery—the Baptism, the Nativity, and the single figure of St. Michael which is

of S. Agostino in Borgo San Sepolcro. (This St. Michael has been criticised flippantly and unfairly as a Sir Galahad straight from the sixth form of one of the better known public schools.) The other two are indubitable masterpieces. For the remainder of his works (all but two or three), unless we have had the opportunity of visiting Italy, with time at our disposal to wander at will, we have to

through an iron crust. . . He seems to be part of the dream which lies so heavily on the sleeping soldiers; and has himself the doomed and distant gaze of a somnambulist." Of the Nativity, in the National Gallery: "Of all Piero's works, this is the one whose voice we hear first. Not only the angels but the colours seem to sing, and with a note so celestially pure that we feel as if he had discovered some new instrument. The

combination of the fleeting with the permanent, the intimate with the divine, is one of the most lovable achievements of art, the achievement of Mozart, Vermeer and certain epitaphs in the Greek anthology."

These are good thoughts, it seems to me, and expressed in good words which you and I can follow without the aid of a dictionary of "Jargon for Aesthetes." The scheme of the book is first the text from which I have quoted, then the plates and notes, and, finally, a series of very interesting comparative illustrations referred to in the course of the narrative. These last enable the author to indulge in certain experiments in detection which will be very much to the taste of the majority, though not everyone will feel convinced that he has in every case tracked down his hare. For example, in discussing the wonderful series of frescoes at Arezzo, he points out and illustrates how close Piero comes in spirit to the rhythms and style of the late archaic sculpture of Greece, which he could never have seen, and suggests that the painter deduced this style from the proportions of classic architecture, and adds a characteristic comment, "he shows us that Greek sculpture owes as much to Euclid as to Homer." Next, he suggests a contact between Piero and French art of the 1450's on the strength of a miniature from King René's "Livre de Cœur d'Amour Espris." Thirdly, he finds it difficult to suppose that Piero was not acquainted with the National Gallery "Rout of San Romano," by Uccello. Such speculations may not be important, but they are uncommonly illuminating and, at their lowest level, provide all the fascination of an essay in the art of sleuthing.

The publishers, on the dust cover, say that the book will take its rank among the classics in the literature of art. Publishers never cry down their wares—why should they?—but in this case I believe they are



DETAIL FROM PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA'S "BAPTISM OF CHRIST" IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: A MAN PULLING OFF HIS SHIRT.

"Piero's biographers have usually agreed that 'The Baptism' in the National Gallery must be placed among his early works. . . All we can say is that it was painted early in his maturity and shows his powers at their freshest. It is in a relatively good state of preservation and may give those who have not visited Arezzo some idea of Piero's unique beauty of colouring," writes Sir Kenneth Clark in "Piero della Francesca," reviewed on this page. This, and the other illustrations, are reproduced from the book by permission of the publishers.



DETAIL FROM "THE RESURRECTION" IN THE PALAZZO COMUNALE, BORGO SAN SEPOLCRO; BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA (1410-20-1492). "Piero della Francesca was born in Borgo San Sepolcro. . . When still quite young he was elected a city councillor; his first important commission was for the cathedral, his greatest single painting is in the Town Hall opposite."

actually one of the four saints from the altar-piece

* Frank Davis reviews on this page "Piero della Francesca," by Kenneth Clark. (Phaidon Press; 42s. net.)

depend upon illustrations; they are here in good measure and in illuminating detail. At this time of day, and whatever our great-grandfathers thought about the stature of Piero—and they rated him a great deal lower than we do—no one wants, least of all in a book review, an exposition of his virtues. What I would like to do is to indicate in some degree how this acutely sensitive critic illuminates them, and this I can best do by a few brief quotations. "Piero differs from almost all the great colorists in European painting in that his colour is pale and cool. Vermeer and, at his best, Corot are almost the only other painters who have explored this range of cool, silvery colour without degenerating into mere coldness, and in each case this has been achieved by a perfect sense of atmosphere." "Colour used to reshape the world as part of a consistent philosophy must be restricted to those colours which are on easy terms with one another. Shouting will get them nowhere. It is only in quiet discourse together that a new truth will emerge." This is a striking passage about the Resurrection at Borgo San Sepolcro (in which picture, by the way, the middle one of the three sleeping soldiers is traditionally held to be a self-portrait): "Piero has used his mathematical science to create a sacred image which will command our belief in a mystery. . . Before Piero's risen Christ we are suddenly conscious of values for which no rational statement

is adequate. . . This country god, who rises in the grey light while humanity is still asleep, has been worshipped ever since man first knew that seed is not dead in the winter earth, but will force its way upwards



TRADITIONALLY BELIEVED TO BE A SELF-PORTRAIT; DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF THE SLEEPING SOLDIER FROM "THE RESURRECTION." The figure of the Sleeping Soldier from "The Resurrection," by Piero della Francesca, in the Palazzo Comunale, Borgo San Sepolcro, is traditionally believed to be a self-portrait.

merely stating sober fact. Anyway, I have spent several very happy hours with it.

Piero was born at Borgo San Sepolcro, near Arezzo, between 1410 and 1420 and died in 1492.

STUBBS, THE GREAT ANIMAL PAINTER: A NOTABLE LIVERPOOL LOAN EXHIBITION.



(Above.)
"PIGMY ANTELOPE";
BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A.
(1724-1806). LENT BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
HUNTERIAN COLLECTION.
(24 by 28 ins.)



"MOOSE"; A REMARKABLE PAINTING BY GEORGE STUBBS ON VIEW AT THE
FESTIVAL EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK IN LIVERPOOL, THE CITY WHERE HE WAS BORN.
LENT BY THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, HUNTERIAN COLLECTION. (24 by 28 ins.)



"GREEN MONKEY"; PAINTED BY STUBBS IN 1798, A WORK
WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE ARTIST'S GENIUS FOR PAINTING OTHER
VARIETIES OF ANIMALS THAN HORSES. THE PROPERTY OF THE
WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL. (27½ by 22 ins.)

GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806), was pre-eminently the painter of horses, and is sometimes called "the Reynolds of the Horse." His monumental work, "The Anatomy of the Horse," was the result of intensive work dissecting and drawing; and he made many portraits of famous racehorses and portrait groups featuring horses. Stubbs was, however, equally gifted as the painter of animals of all varieties, a fact demonstrated at the Festival Loan Exhibition of his work, arranged in celebration of Festival Year and to mark the re-opening of the

[Continued below.]



"NYLGHAU"; PAINTED IN 1769, ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT STUBBS FESTIVAL
EXHIBITION AT THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL. LENT BY THE UNIVERSITY OF
GLASGOW, HUNTERIAN COLLECTION. (24½ by 29 ins.)



"ORINOCO," A CHARACTERISTIC PAINTING BY GEORGE STUBBS, ILLUSTRATING HIS METHOD
OF COMPOSING "CONVERSATION-PIECES" OF HIS ANIMAL SITTERS. LENT BY MAJOR
J. B. WALKER. (22 by 28 ins.)

[Continued.]

Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, the city where the artist was born. Sir Kenneth Clark arranged to open the exhibition on July 13, and it will continue until August 25. In May, 1945, acquisitions by the Walker Art Gallery during the past ten years were shown at the National Gallery, London,



"THE LINCOLNSHIRE OX"; BY GEORGE STUBBS. THIS PAINTING WAS EXHIBITED AT
THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON, IN MAY, 1945, IN THE COLLECTION OF RECENT
ACQUISITIONS BY THE WALKER GALLERY. (26 by 38 ins.)

and it may be recalled that "The Lincolnshire Ox" was among them. The current Stubbs exhibition is only the second one-man show devoted to this great artist. The first was held in 1885 at the galleries of J. and W. Vokins, in Great Portland Street.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week it would be vain to search for any kind of grouping, even by contrast; each novel is distinctly on its own. Therefore at least there should be something for all tastes. "Ophelia," by Viola Meynell (James Barrie; 10s. 6d.), has an unlucky blurb, almost exclusively on the distinguished circles known to the writer's family. Such props are both irrelevant and needless to a book of great charm.

Rosalind Weldon is nineteen, and has secured a teaching job at Reading; meanwhile, she has been going up to London for classes. And on the train she comes to know Richard Lander—attractive, prosperous and twenty-nine. Their meetings do not ripen into hasty love; Richard is serious, but uninvolved at first, while Rosalind is not the kind of girl who sets out to get her man. Gentle, not coy, but quite incapable of thrusting, she awaits his lead, and for a time it seems that nothing may develop. But it does gradually; and when she goes off to her post, they meet in London on her free days. This is a season of great happiness, of peaceful flowering, and detachment from the whole world. Then, with the end of term, there comes a change; they start to know each other in a context, like other people. Rosalind's context is her mother Angela, who was deserted with surpassing callousness by an adored husband, and, in a quiet, inflexible and passive way, has never got over it. Rosalind is her one concern in life, and what she chiefly dreads for Rosalind is any repetition of her own fate. So she is not prepared to welcome Richard wholeheartedly; while Richard is disturbed by her passivity, and feels they ought to come closer. If he could make her open up about the past, it might be good for her. So he pursues her "good"—until it has to dawn on him that he is madly in love. Her sphinx-like, inexpressive looks, at first not beautiful, are now the whole of beauty and existence. And Angela returns his passion. They both contrive not to remember that he may be something to Rosalind.

For Rosalind one glimpse has been enough. She understands, says nothing and goes back to school, feeling completely derelict. And then her father turns up. He, too, is derelict, a broken psychopath who leans on her with his whole weight. Rosalind does not tell her mother, but accepts the load—and would succumb to it quite gently and without a murmur, but for a chance rescue.

A quietly disillusioned view of human nature is the groundwork of the whole story; yet it is not only far from cynical, but full of grace. What draws the leading characters to one another is their moral distinction. Richard has not escaped the usual weakness of the "hero" in a very feminine atmosphere; he is a little of a dummy. But Rosalind's most difficult and touching blend of strength and sweetness always rings true, the love-relations are acutely felt, and there is a delicate poetry in the air.

"The Sixth Column," by Peter Fleming (Hart-Davis; 9s. 6d.), is a mere spree, a nonsense-thriller on the Crisis. Among the dustier departments of M.I.5 is one concerned with "the investigation of suspected attempts to upset the balance of nature in the United Kingdom." This cryptic but imposing charge originated with an ex-Minister, who was convinced that the grey squirrel had been inflicted on his country by German agents before the First World War. And look, he pointed out, what could be done to us on those lines! At last it was agreed that some provision for the balance of nature would be a good thing. Hence D.2(d), which keeps a bleary eye on the increase in little owls, and on the vital records of the cormorant.

But then one day it has a gift from heaven—at any rate, and literally speaking, out of the blue. A copy of "Plan D" has been discovered in an airliner. It opens thus: "The object of this paper is to examine, in outline, the most promising methods of accelerating the current deterioration of the British national character. . . . And—'There you are!' cries Captain Volpard, of D.2(d). 'Monkeying about with our national character! If that's not upsetting the balance of nature, I'm damned if I know what is!'"

Nor could one ask a better opening. Alas, it is not quite maintained. The story of Paul Osney, and the Peace Guild, and the pseudo-bomb outrage, and Glutrov, the double humbug, who didn't write his own plays, and hasn't really walked out on his Government, is very lively and agreeable, but very slight, and definitely not the story it set out to be. The theme of undermining the British character would have involved a lot more work; this is an airy trifle, and the grace-notes are the best part of it. But still, the promise of amusement has been kept, so why repine?

"Shadows," by Winifred Duke (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.), also partakes a little of the thriller, or at least the crime novel. Lydia Beakbane is on trial in Salchester for murder. And in the dank autumnal setting of a country vicarage, the vicar's wife is pacing up and down, trying not to think about her. That woman is the shadow on her life. They have not met for forty years, since Aline Cartaret was a young bride and Lydia her housemaid; but still the threat remains, the shadow has not passed, and Lydia deserves to die. She must be guilty; and Mrs. Cartaret is almost praying that she will be condemned. Then we go back into the past and see what happened. Lydia was a plain girl—squat, negative and deferential; but there was always something. . . . Aline disliked her from the first, and soon had cause. For Lydia's design for living was to "ferret things out," and having laid hold of a secret she became a vampire. Now it has brought her to the dock; and we learn how. Then, with the verdict, there is a surprise. The structure is too bitty; Mrs. Cartaret is too spineless; and anyhow the dankness of her life is not her maid's doing. But it is admirably sketched, and all the bits are good in themselves.

"The Man No One Knew," by Laurence Meynell (Collins; 8s. 6d.), carries us "east of Aldgate Pump," where Oliver Thornton has retired to be a bearded hermit in a bomb-ruin. After some years of this, events come breaking in on him—with little Eliot of the Special Branch, the unknown man hanged in an air-raid shelter, the thin-lipped, stony little German in the newspaper shop, and lovely Tessa at the old bookstall. The whole conundrum is tied up with biological warfare. Oliver gets his girl, and, with the help of an ebullient, nousey young journalist, after a final rough-house in the nick of time, escapes with his life. A dash of philosophic jollity provides the seasoning—and it is all great sport.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SHOULD chess games, when published, earn the players a royalty? Browning's gorgeous lines came into my head the other day:

Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats;
Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup.
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

(Gorgeous in their obscurity, I mean, of course. "Murex" is the key-word. Murex is an ancient blue dye which Browning uses to symbolise genius. Whilst Keats starved, his printer Nobbs, and Hobbs the producer of paltry pot-boilers, waxed fat.)

Song-writers whose tunes were on the lips of millions have died in garrets. Gifted writers, if not exploited by their own publishers, have been robbed by others "pirating" their works. An awakening public conscience and the establishment of a royalty system have almost ended these abuses, though how are we ever to reward a genius whose merit is not realised in time?

How are we to reward chess masters in any degree commensurate with the pleasure aroused by their games? Yates, many times British champion, defeated Alekhine twice in immortal games which are reprinted in book after book and continue to give pleasure to thousands . . . yet he died in shocking poverty.

Consider the world championship match just concluded. Every chess magazine I know has printed all twenty-four of the games. As an inveterate collector of the world's chess magazines, I can well assess their distribution. I should say there are almost exactly 100 in existence, their circulations ranging from a few hundreds to the 30,000 per month of the Russian *Shakhmaty v. SSSR*. At the lowest estimate, they must be read by 500,000 people a month.

To estimate the number of chess columns in periodicals, and their active clientèle, is not so easy. Their desultory readers must number millions. Their keen readers must surely outnumber those of specialised magazines devoted purely to the game; again being very conservative, let us estimate them at 1,000,000. Few chess columns have failed to give extensive space to the match.

Somebody must therefore have been playing over a game of the match, somewhere in the world, on at least 20,000,000 occasions in the few weeks since it ended. The games will be quoted in the literature of the game, for a century and more. Books on the match will appear in various languages, and will sell in thousands.

If each person playing through one of these games were to pay a penny for the privilege, a simple computation shows (a bit of scrap paper, please!) that in the course of a few years, Botvinnik and Bronstein would have received royalties worth some £100,000.

But there are no royalties in chess. We use the masters' games free of charge. The writers, not the players, get the plums—and many feel this is not right. I have certainly earned more by writing about chess, than Capablanca by playing it more superbly than I could ever aspire to.

Yet when Emanuel Lasker tried to copyright the games of one of his matches, he was boycotted by the world's Press.

The subject bristles with difficulties. Players send in games and are delighted to have them published, for the publicity may gain them invitations to attractive tournaments. When I omitted to publish one ambitious player's games, he threatened to shoot me!

to Eleanor as much as ever but all in vain, for he is married to a pretty little woman and Eleanor will soon be so to Uxbridge.") She was not the first to be shocked and delighted by Naples and the Neapolitans, whom she considered "so degraded by vice that people of a better nation tremble at the recital of their dreadful lives." In spite of the "feelings which I believe are innate in a Britain's breast unpolished by foreign wickedness," she feared that "human nature is ever too weak to withstand the dangerous charms of luxurious sin." Indeed, she felt that "my young heart would soon yield to the love of a member of this curious race of beings." No wonder Creevey some years later wrote of her as "a very handsome woman, and somewhat loose!" A wholly delightful little book.

Chatsworth is lucky in having as its Librarian and Keeper of the Collections Mr. Francis Thompson, whose "Chatsworth: A Short History" (Country Life; 9s. 6d.) is a pleasing description of the great house which Mr. Thompson calls "one of the two best addresses in the world"—the other being Kedleston. Those who have read his monumental and full-length history of Chatsworth will be glad to have this small companion volume which takes the form of an imaginary personally conducted tour round the house and grounds—a piece of sightseeing which is carried out with scholarship, urbanity and humour.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.

I AM afraid we are in for a fair number of books on the "I Was Hitler's Charlady" model—only this time with Stalin taking the place of Hitler. I must have read a round dozen already—some good, some bad, but the majority indifferent. It is natural that books of this type should enjoy the same vogue as those about Hitler. For there is an even greater air of mystery overhanging the Soviet Union than over Nazi Germany during the war. Kravchenko was first-class, others not so good. The latest, and to my mind one of the most interesting, is "Soviet Staff Officer," by Ivan Krylov (Falcon; 13s. 6d.).

Captain Krylov—that is not his real name, by the way—was a member of the Russian General Staff (though temporarily demoted for a political offence) during the whole of our war with Germany. As an intelligence officer he had the duty of keeping in close touch with the foreign military attachés and with the diplomatic missions. As an intelligence man—and as has so often been remarked the words "military" and "intelligence" are not inevitably allied—and one who knew other countries besides Russia, he was well placed to judge the extraordinary intricacies of Russian foreign policy. The intricacy, of course, lay (and lies) only in execution and tactics. The historic objectives of Russian foreign policy—the Baltic, the Dardanelles and the Persian Gulf—remain unchanged by any variants in régime, and one of the most interesting passages in the whole of this interesting book is the long exposition of this policy, its origins and the reasons for it which the author puts into the mouth of a fellow staff officer.

For me, who saw something of the London end of the Red Army-Reichswehr-White Russian plot headed by Marshal Tukachevsky, which was Stalin's excuse for the colossal purge not merely of the Red Army but the Old Guard Bolsheviks, the most interesting aspect of the book is the growth of anti-Stalinism which came with the development of a new officer caste. One of the most remarkable achievements of Stalin and the Politburo was that of destroying, after the war, the patriotic build-up and the respect for the ancient traditions of Russia which they had created in order to win the war, and the drawing of the teeth of the Marshals and other officers whom they had "boosted" during the conflict. Captain Krylov's book is out of the ordinary run of the books which have emerged from Russia since the war. The warning which it contains for the West of the ruthlessness of the Russian dictatorship is none the less effective for being delivered in such a restrained and balanced manner. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's translation is thoroughly readable.

Mr. Derek Patmore—whom I bracket first with Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and Mr. Alan Houghton Brodick as my favourite writer of travel books—can always be relied upon to provide a pleasant antidote to the harsh realities of the world in which we live. His latest book, "A Traveller in Venice," is no exception (Methuen; 15s.) to his self-created rule. Except for a twenty-four-hour stay just before the war, it is more than twenty years since I spent any time in Venice. No one, however, who has ever set eyes on that most wonderful of cities will ever lose the desire to return. Mr. Derek Patmore's book is excellently illustrated with photographs by a friend who accompanied him on his tour and has all the pleasant sauntering charm we have come to expect from this writer. Mr. Patmore, while he is, like me, a "fan" of Palladio, rightly stresses the debt which Venice and the neighbouring cities owe Byzantine art. He is, moreover, informed and informative on every aspect of the art and architecture not merely of Venice, but of the lovely neighbouring cities of Vicenza and Verona, Ravenna and Mantua. He is as much at home in the little mountainside inns as in the magnificent palaces to which he had the entrée. It is pleasant to accompany him to these latter, but for those of us who have to count our pennies in these inflationary days his practical and useful tips on where the cost-conscious tourist should stay will be of more direct value. I am sorry that he confirms what one had heard was the case, and that is that the days of the gondola are numbered. This is a book which, to my mind, is indispensable to those who are intending to visit Venice and a pleasant consolation for those who have to stay behind.

On the floor of a shop in the Charing Cross Road Dr. G. R. de Beer found a handwritten notebook. This turned out to be the journal of Harriet Charlotte Beaujolois Campbell, later Lady Tullamore. This enchanting diary he has now edited and published under the title "A Journey to Florence in 1817" (Bles; 10s. 6d.). Beaujolois was fourteen at the time, but remarkably mature and observant. The book has all the naïve charm of a more sophisticated "Young Visitors." It contains many of those shattering sentences which cause us to blush when we re-read our own youthful diary or letters. There is plenty of incident. (I liked the picture of the Duc de Berry who "made love

SPORT in Schweppshire

Sport in Schweppshire is completely dominated by golf, where it was first played on the Border by Edward the Confessor. Football originated in the typical Schweppshire habit of kicking Opponent's ball into a bad lie.

Fishing devolved from the impoverished lads who dived for golf-balls in the stream guarding the first green at Royal Mid-Schweppshire: and Schwepsom Downs reminds us that horse racing stems from polo and that polo itself originated in the Schweppshire custom of playing golf on mules.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES. Holes done in one: this feat has been performed 984 times but at the tenth hole only, which measures 6,012 yards.

A putter is used from the 10th tee at the top of Ben McSchwiddie (or Old Spout) to push the ball to the soup-plate green at the bottom of the precipice.

RECORDS (the August Sugar-Tongs, 18 holes Medal). The record in 1485 was 128.

This became 193 in 1760, when "Oh, do let me have that one again" was banned. In 1789, no play (French Revolution). But in 1803 the record was

lowered to 102, when shuttlecocks were substituted for the old ball (composed of dried milk pudding in skin).

In 1926 the record was lowered to 72 (America discovers black and white golf shoes) and it became 62 in 1950 owing to imaginative interpretation of "Ball Deemed Unplayable".

(New Rules, Royal and Senile).

Our great source for early history is Samuel Schwepys, famous diarist of the Schweppenteenth Century.


Written by
Stephen Potter
Drawn by
Lewitt-Him

* He confessed, of course, after a medal round, that he took 9 not 6 shots in a bunker.

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ACHIEVEMENT

History repeats itself.

The Rolls-Royce "Avon"
 powered English Electric
 Canberra was the first jet aircraft to
 fly the Atlantic direct without refuelling.

Thirty two years ago, the Rolls-Royce
 "Eagle" powered Vickers Vimy made
 the first direct crossing of
 the Atlantic by air.

ROLLS-ROYCE

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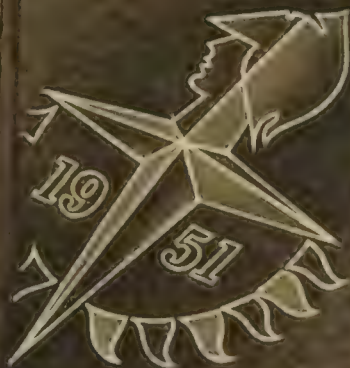
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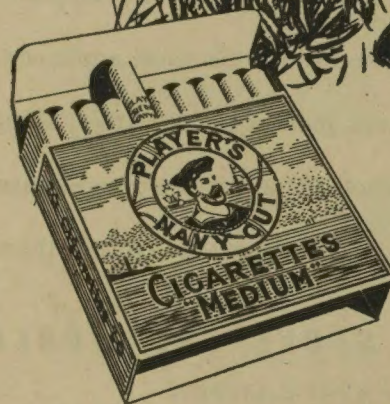
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